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No. 3.

SOMETHING ABOUT WINE.

CONCLUDED.

WITHOUT being a *bon-vivant*, and simply by virtue of the association of ideas in which sensation and sentiment bear an equal part, the places of a traveller's sojourn are identified with certain wines, so that a special vinous flavor in after-days, conjures up the image of a favorite companion and the scenery of a picturesque locality. The very name of Orvieto revives the artistic companionship of the *trattoria* Lepri at Rome, or the pic-nic at Albano or Tivoli; *Vino d'Asti*, in its golden effervescence, whispers of the enchantments of Lake Como and the battle-field of Marengo; the glow of old Marsala is warm with memories of *Ætna*, or breezy evenings on the Marina at Palermo, whence we retired to a hospitable *palazzo* where, on a marble table, stood the decaners immersed in the old volcano's snow;

'Son le nevi il quinto elemento
Che compargono il verro bereve.'

Whoso has studied in Germany, will greet the sight of an old emerald glass sacred to Johannisberg, and hear in fancy the Rhine song; the twang of choice Claret transports another to the *Trois Frères* or *Café de Paris*, or makes him respond to the poet's benediction:

'Benedetto
Quel Claretto
Che si spilla in Avignone.'

Old Port beams with the reflected tints of London mahogany and coal-fires; Metternich and old castles reappear in the mirror of a dusty bottle of Hock; Burgundy inspires dreams of Southern France, the day at Nismes, or the quays at Bordeaux; Malaga is sweet with Spanish memories, and the nabob at home regrets the

zest of his Sherry at Calcutta. A vinous amateur could indeed designate eras by vintages, make landmarks of vineyards, and most vividly keep alive local memories by the diversified flavor of the grape. Lebanon wine would hallow Bethlehem to his imagination more than monastic relics; his London banker's Port, the Duke of Nassau's Steinberg, the bottle of St. Peray hastily purchased while the steam-boat tarries on the Rhone, the Brousa of Stamboul grown under the snows of Olympus, blend with and identify these scenes forever to his epicurean reminiscence; and Beaune and Chambertin are names as classic in his estimation as Racine and La Fontaine; he knows the Dukes of Burgundy only as the Princes des bons Vins; and honors Madam Cliquot more than the Maid of Orleans, because she is the largest Champagne grower of Rheims; the amber of Muscat is more precious in his eyes than that found in the torrent's bed; and he descends into a crypt of Nazareth to choose a jar, escorted by some modern Miriam or Ruth, with more zestful expectancy than Belzoni an unexplored catacomb.

The French speak of a Bordeaux which talks; the ruins of the Rhine are, as it were, set in an ever-renewed garland of vineyards and mellowed, in the retrospect, by the song, the flavor and cheer of the wine. Burns' John Barleycorn; Faust in the cave; the Dutchman's Schnapps; the Englishman's 'Old Particular;' the Jerseyman's Cider; the Buckeye's Catawba, and the Bavarian's Beer; all places and poets, all nationalities and literature exhale this convivial element, more or less refined and characteristic. From the wine-stain yet visible on a Pompeii slab to the silver punch-bowl which in some of our few remaining country mansions is the heirloom of families; from Cleopatra's pearl dissolved, to Clarence drowned in wine; from Horace to Tennyson; from Noah to Metternich — history and humanity are reflected in wine. How *apropos* to these two last *convives* are Müller's quaint verses: *

'We forfeited by eating —
Not drinking — Paradise:
What once we lost through ADAM,
And his confounded vice,
Good wine and jovial chorus
Abundantly restore us.

'And when again, in vileness,
The world corrupted sank,
And every earthly creature
Death in the deluge drank,
To NOAH life was granted,
'Cause he the grape had planted.

'Within his biggest cask he
With wife and children did get:
It floated on the waters,
And not a soul was wet;
All saved by wine so oddly
From watery graves, the godly.

* Translated by C. T. Brooks.

'And when the flood abated,
There stood the round house then,
High and dry on the top of a mountain,
And all came out again,
Thanks for deliverance chanted
And straight new grape-vines planted.

'The cask for a memento,
Stood on the mountain's brow;
At Heidelberg on the Neckar,
You all can see it now;
It needs no further guessing
Who gave us the Rhine-wine's blessing.

'And whoso dares disparage
The sacred wine we drink,
He in a watery deluge
Shall miserably sink!
Sing, brothers, 't is before us,
Brave wine and jovial chorus.'

Noah planted a vineyard; Solomon and David praise wine; and in Job it is prescribed for the weary. The grape is the most ancient of Egyptian symbols; Montaigne calls its juice, the 'last pleasure of life,' and says 'it takes the place of natural heat;' while Liebig declares it the 'milk of the aged.' Hear Redi:

'Se dell 'uve il sangue amabile
Non rinfranca ognor le vene,
Questa vita é troppe rabile
Tropo breve é sempre in pene.'

The Tuscan proverb says:

'Il vino é la poppa de vecchi.'

There is a curious analogy between the process whereby wine reaches its perfection, the vicissitudes to which it is liable therein, and human life; a mysterious blending of original elements, the pure but crude juice, when new, like childhood's unadulterated aspect; then the hazardous fermentation, parallel with the impassioned development of youth; the product, if weak, liable to become sour and vapid, and if strong, reaching through time and change, a mellow richness, like the genial force of a noble character, or the mature grace of a vigorous mind.

Within a few years those indigestible mixtures which, under the name of punch, made our ancestors dyspeptic and bilious, and the strong wines that detained gentlemen so long from the drawing-room after dinner, have given place to the more salutary hygiene, long prevalent in Europe, that makes the light and pure wines of France and Germany the accompaniment instead of the *finale* of the chief diurnal banquet. As nervous stimulants, tonics, and aids to digestion, the milder and least adulterated juices of the grape are sanctioned by adaptation to climate, individual constitution and states of health, under the best medical counsel. In France especially, the science of nutrition in this regard has reached a bright

point of discrimination; the best quality of cheap red wine, blended with mineral waters, has been prescribed with excellent effect. Alsatico and biscuits prove a salubrious regimen for invalids in Tuscany; and a popular writer of Paris remarks that '*Le vin Champagne frappé, non point après, mais pendant le repos, serait, pour la plupart des estomacs un précieux auxiliaire de digestion.*' The arbitrary succession of wines ordained by custom at American dinners, is a serious interference with the personal hygiene so desirable in a luxury which should be used according to the taste and requirements of each guest; limited quantities of various species is the rule; whereas those who consult health and inclination prefer adequate supplies of one kind, a privilege which is often unattainable under the present code of prandial entertainments. An American traveller entertained at the grand ducal table of Weimar, records the custom dictated by enlightened hospitality in this regard: 'No sooner was a glass emptied than it was replenished by the watchful attendant. Through this silent savory sign your preference, if you had one, was learned and hospitably indulged. You had, for instance, but to leave your Claret and Rhenish and Champagne unfinished, and to drain your Burgundy glass; so often as it was found empty it was re-filled with Chambertin or Clos Vougot, to the number of a dozen or more fillings, should any guest be rash enough to trust his head with so many.'

It is with wine as with other luxuries of life, association has more to do with relish than either quality or quantity. The poor artist with whom I used to clink glasses of *vino nostrale* at Florence, which cost five-pence a pint, when he had risen to fame and married a fortune, slyly indicated to me across the table at his first banquet, his little flask of our frugal beverage, concealed behind a splendid array of aristocratic wines. The taste acquired in those days of self-denial survived the advent of prosperity. Few casual visitors at the Tuscan capital, however, understand how to procure even the cheap common wine in perfection; the wine-shop and the restaurant are not to be trusted; but the good graces of some Principe's steward must be won, and he will furnish from his perquisite of the family vintage cobwebbed flasks, passed mysteriously through the stone loop-hole of the cellar; and when you have pulled out of its slender neck the wisp of tow, and dashed away the thimble-full of oil that has kept it from the air, you taste that pure juice of the purple grape of whose virtues Redi has sung with a melodious eloquence, that links its remembrance with the hills around Florence, the winding Arno, and the handsome peasants, in one harmonious picture of rustic plenty, grace, and cheer.

'Il Dio del vino

Fermato avea l'allegro suo soggiorno
A i calli Etruschi intorno.'

Gensano gives a 'local habitation and a name' to a wine that your Roman padrone believes, when taken warm with roast apple, is an

infallible remedy for the *forestiere's* catarrh. The bard of Italian wines calls Montepulciano *manna*, and of Chianti sings:

'MUESTOSO
Imperioso,
Mi passeggia denteo il cuore,
E ne scaccia senza strepito
Ogni affano e ogni dolore.'

One of our countrymen has sung the praises of a wine encountered at a little town in Provence, and a sagacious wine-merchant of Gotham has made the cordial stanzas a matter for the arabesque label of his favorite brand:

'WHEN to any saint I pray,
It shall be to Saint PERAY;
He alone of all the brood
Ever did me any good.' *

The social relations of wine have an interest for the conservative as well as the jovial. The cobwebbed bottle produced on rare occasions and in honor of a favored guest, or household festival; the 'dozen' preserved as a birth-day deposit against the bridal-feast; the ancestral relic of mellow wine with the memories of the loved and noble who quaffed its virgin juice, appeal to something beyond the mere gusto of the palate. I once heard an honest and benevolent veteran declare that, could he dictate a tribute to his memory, his friends, instead of useless tears and idle regrets, should talk cheerfully of him over a bottle of his choice old wine, and thus consecrate a genial and hospitable hour to pleasant recollections. The peculiar intellectual flavor of those admirable criticisms which insured its dawning fame to 'Old Ebony,' sprang from the *abandon*, freedom, and conviviality of the intercourse over which Kit North and the Ettrick Shepherd so memorably presided. As we read them, despite of modern temperance fanaticism, we recall with zest Plato's extravagant declaration, that a sober man to no purpose knocks at the door of the Muses; and, with another philosopher of antiquity, recognize Bacchus as the good deity who mollifies the passions of the soul, restores to young men their good humor, and to old men their youth.

Therefore has art and literature celebrated the vine. From Anacreon and Virgil to Tom Moore and Béranger, its praises have been memorably sung; Bacchus, when he ceased to be a recognized divinity, became the myth which statuaries loved to embody and poets to revive. The convivial is an essential element of modern romance and old English dramas, as exhibiting the convivial side of genius, the freaks of imagination and outbreaks of heart otherwise inconceivable to our restrained civilization. What were Horace uncheered by Falernian; Falstaff's wit bereft of his sack; Don Quixote without the adventure of the wine-skins; the Vicar of Wakefield's hospitality devoid of Mr. Primrose's gooseberry-wine; Ivanhoe without Friar Tuck's flagon? '*La vigne*,' says a French writer, '*a surtout, depuis bien des siècles, fait fleurir en*

* T. W. PARSONS.

France, la chanson. Le vin et la chanson sont comme frère et sœur. Among the acknowledged hygienic properties of ripe grapes are, to cool the blood, facilitate its circulation, remove obstructions from the liver and kidneys, and impart vigor, tone, purity, and freshness to the vital principle.

The act of taking wine together, like the Eastern superstitions regarding salt, hath in it a domestic significance, and, as it were, a challenge of love and loyalty. 'If Bacchus often leads men into quagmires deep as his vats,' says Douglas Jerrold, 'let us yet do him this justice—he sometimes leads them out. Ask your opponent to take another glass of wine.' '*Un poco de vino?*' mellifluously asks your Italian neighbor, and then he wishes you a life of a thousand years and *figli maschi*—a sentiment born of the old feudal primogeniture; the *viva* which precedes the draught is responded to by its own vital glow: how perfectly has Donizetti embodied in music the festive idea of *abrindisi*, in the famous song of 'Lucrezia Borgia!' Ben Jonson's yet current ditty, 'To Ladies' eyes around, boys,' is instinct with sentimental jovialty; and of American lyrics, few have been greater favorites than the 'Health of Pinkney.' 'Port, if you please,' says the English girl, when you ask her to join in a glass of wine; how long the draught of the Catalonian peasant, as he keeps poised, in silent content, the collapsing wine-skin! and what a picture of animal epicurism is a venerable English squire, seated in his comfortable parlor, with a boon companion, holding up to the light, and then to his lingering lips, the glass of Madeira, whereof, between the sips, he tells the 'adventurous tale.' Not less enjoyable, and far more generous, is the sight of a group of Tuscan peasants at their noon repast beneath a tree, passing round the red *vino*, with ready carol and greeting.

It is with wine as with scenery, pictures, and love, as with all the rare elements of human pleasure—the best, or at least the most enjoyed, is often encountered unawares, and, as it were, by some happy accident. At a pension initiated by the first Italian opera company that visited New-York, for years could be found the most pure and cheapest claret, annually exported in the wood, by an old friend of the house. Who does not remember the agreeable surprise given him in his travels, by some complacent native, who, in out-of-the-way nooks, has caused to appear the choicest vintage? Almost all statesmen have been connoisseurs of wine: Fox and Webster, Sheridan and Talleyrand knew the twang or recognized the age at a sip. 'The wretchedness of human life,' said Sydney Smith, 'is only to be encountered on a basis of beef and wine'—an unspiritual precept, born of a national instinct. Addison's constitutional reserve, we are told, could only be thawed by wine. One of the relics of Washington's campaigns, presented by a member of the family to Leutze, in honor of his noble painting of the 'Passage of the Delaware,' is a silver can, bound with leather—the drinking-cup of the rare and moderate official entertainment; the bottom is scratched with the sword-points used to mash the sugar: it is probably the only

trophy of those men and times unassociated with privation. There is an effervescent Hock identified with the banks of the 'Blue Moselle,' as much as the pensive-eyed and gray oxen are with the Tuscan vintage, St. Julien with Paris suburban cabarets, or Steinburg with a Rhine estate. The favorite lunch of one of our most gifted and genial artists, was Chablis and oysters; no one who ever shared it with him failed thenceforth to associate the wine with intellectual fellowship. Dr. Franklin philosophized over a fly found in a bottle of old wine; and that kindly bard, John Kenyon, says:

'Lily on liquid roses floating,
So floats yon foam o'er pink Champagne:
Fain would I join such pleasant boating
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine!'

Of native Anacreontics, none is comparable with 'Sparkling and Bright'—a song, which to hear from the author's lips on a moonlight night by the Hudson, with a chorus of good fellows, is memorable, and is now endeared as the eclipsed hilarity of a shattered harp. Tennyson indicates with a line the hour of thorough English self-content and 'breathing-time of day,' of retrospect and ideal comfort, as 'over the walnuts and the wine.' Modern science has detected, and popular journalism exposed, the adulteration of wine: the Greeks mixed with it resin, tar, cypress, and almonds; chalk, alcohol, sugar, and sulphur are modern expedients, and to destroy the taste of the latter, cloves, thyme, cinnamon, and other spices are added; putrescence and acidity are the conditions it is thus attempted to neutralize or avert. Chemistry has analyzed the normal qualities of wine, only to demonstrate that there is scarcely such a thing in commerce as pure grape-juice.

From the calcined leaves of the vine is made the ink wherewith bank-notes are printed. Franklin was assiduous in his endeavors to introduce the Rhenish grape into our nascent horticulture, doubtless anticipating, from his experience in France, the temperance and invaluable economy involved in successful vine-culture. The accounts of the early colonists agree in representing the wild-grape as abounding in our forests; Bishop Berkeley, in his letters from Rhode-Island, alludes to its luxuriant growth in that region; the French colonists cultivated the vine in Carolina before the Puritans came to New-England; there were flourishing Jesuit vineyards among the first settlers, and vigneron were imported into Virginia as early as 1630; Penn attempted wine manufacture in his province fifty years after; and about a century ago, it is recorded that a band of *émigrés* made a hundred hogsheds of wine in Illinois. Numerous experiments, in widely distant localities throughout the country, have resulted in producing it on a small scale, and as a matter of curiosity rather than luxury and profit. The great desideratum was to fix upon the best quality of grape which could attain perfection in the open air, and then to invest

enough in land and labor to warrant liberal and successive vintages. Thus far the enterprise has been adequately realized only on the banks of the Ohio; statistics there indicate a regular staple, and profitable as well as very extensive interest in the wine manufacture of Cincinnati. 'At last,' says a genial authority,* 'our national vines have become so far popularized, that the value of the home production exceeds that of the consumption of foreign wines in the proportion of nearly two to one, and that with a constant increase in the home market:'

'For the richest and best
Is the wine of the West,
That grows by the Beautiful River.'

Crabbe eulogizes Port, Prior Claret, Moore Champagne, Boileau Burgundy, and Redi Mutepulciano: how analogous these preferences with their respective genius! The comic writers of Charles the Second's time, we are told, 'worked on Claret;' and a cask of this wine always stood in the hospitable halls of old Scotland. Sack, Canary, Sherry, Malmsey, are the familiar drinks in the old English plays: 'Set a deep glass of Rhenish wine' is a phrase in Shakspeare; and coffee has been lately called 'the *coup d'état* to drinking after dinner;' Sherry, ginger and biscuit is a favorite lunch in British India, and Chablis and oysters in France; thus universally is wine identified with places and periods. Byron, although he sang of the Samian wine, and spurred his flagging muse with gin, declared that the most exhilarating of draughts to him was a dose of salts; Dr. Johnson's favorite stimulus was tea, and so was Cowper's; De Quincey has made opium and its effects the subject of memorable psychological revelations; Schiller wrote under the inspiration of Champagne; and Malibran gained spasmodic voice and heart by means of porter and Cologne-water; while the most affecting of homilies is Lamb's 'Confessions of a Drunkard.' These and countless other 'infirmities of genius' indicate, on the one hand, the exhaustive conditions of intense mental life, and on the other, point a moral in regard to the weakness inherent and inalienable, of the most nobly endowed human beings, appealing both to sympathy and to science; for the latter has interpreted the physiology of man in its relation to that craving for and addiction to these means of renovation and excitement, common alike to the savage and the most highly endowed of the species. Perhaps no writer has more fully brought out the philosophy of the subject than Shakspeare: Rodrigo's self-reproach and reprobation of that invisible spirit of wine; the effects of that cask that came unbroken to shore in the 'Tempest;' Falstaff's excess; Bardolph's nose; and especially the incidental allusions of the great poet, as when he speaks of treachery 'false as vows made in wine,' and while he calls wine 'a good familiar creature, if it be used well,' explains a quarrel by, 'it was excess of wine that set him on,' and makes disenchanted and forlorn Macbeth exclaim: 'The wine of life is drawn.'

* COZZENS' 'Wine-Press.'

It is owing to these charming though often vague associations, that the vine is so pleasing an object in rural scenery, whether it covers rude angles on the stone cottage, twines as the emblem of conjugal devotion around the stately elm, spreads its leaves of lucent emerald between the sunshine and the lattice, wreathes the hospitable porch with graceful ornaments, whence the finest of architectural devices is borrowed, rears itself on stakes, as in France, as if to assert its capacity for homely productiveness, festoons 'from tree to tree' in scenic beauty amid the mulberry orchards of Italy, or twines in gigantic convolutions around the prone and massive temples of Central America, it is always in the exuberant flexibility of its growth, in the exquisite contour of its leaf, as well as in the poetic and recreative ideas it suggests, one of the loveliest and most endeared phases of vegetable life. What ornament for the brow of the fair, or the arabesque of an urn, or the crowning of a column — for wreaths, sculpture, robe-pattern or dish excels the vine-leaf? With what more beautiful emblematic token do the *pietra-dura* artists of Tuscany inlay their marble than amethystine grapes? The very dying foliage of the vine detached by autumn's breath is golden; and the shadow of a fluttering vine, its picturesque stalk, finely outlined leaf, and curling tendril is the perfection of evanescent photography.

S H A L L I B E C R O W N E D ?

If I, 'along the cool, sequestered vale of life,'
 Shall 'keep the noiseless tenor of my way.'
 If I shall shun the scenes of earthly strife,
 And only live to meditate and pray:
 Or if, contented with an humble lot,
 I shun the busy city's tempting round,
 And seek seclusion in a cave or grot,
 Shall I be crowned?

If I shall be content to carve a selfish way
 To golden gates, and hope at last to stand
 In the full brilliance of eternal day,
 Not having lent a brother once a helping hand,
 Not having dried a tear, or caused a smile
 On the wan faces which on earth abound,
 Nor felt for any sin the siren's luring wile,
 Shall I be crowned?

Not so: I must of strife and labor bear an honest part:
 'Tis not by cowards that the laurel's won;
 The while I keep a pure and spotless heart,
 'Tis sin and not temptation I must shun:
 I must, while here, maintain the faithful fight —
 In the front rank of God's array be found:
 Live in the world a champion of the right,
 And then be crowned!

L. S.

J U B A L , T H E R I N G E R .

I.

HIGH in the brown belfry of the old Church of Saint Fantasmos sat Jubal the Ringer, looking over the huge town that lay spread below. A great black net-work of streets stretched far away on every side — the sombre web of intertwisted human passions and interests, in which, year after year, many thousand souls had been captured and destroyed.

Sleeping hills with clear-cut edges rose all about the dark town, which seemed to be lying at the bottom of a vast purple goblet, whose rim, touched with the whiteness of approaching day, looked as if they were brimming with the foam of some celestial wine. Deep in the distance rolled a long river, musical through the night, and shaking back the moon-beams from its bosom as if in play.

It was an old belfry, the belfry of Saint Fantasmos. It sprang from a vaulted arch with four groinings, which hung directly over the altar, so that one above in the bell-room could see, through the cracks in the stone ceiling, the silver lamps that lit the shrine, the altar-railings, the priest, the penitents below. Old flat mosses clung to the weather-beaten sides of the belfry, and the winds went in and out through it wheresoever they willed. From the very summit, which was pointed, there arose a tall iron rod, on which stood a golden cock, with head erect to catch the morning breeze, with feathers spread to bask in the morning sun. A golden cock, I said: alas! golden no longer. Wind and weather had used him badly, and he had moulted all his splendor. Battered, and gray, and rusty, with draggled tail and broken beak, he was no more the brave cock that he had been of yore. He had a malevolent and diabolical aspect. He looked as if he had made a compact with the demons of the night.

How blame him, if he had ceased to be an amiable cock? For years he had done his duty bravely to the town in all weathers, telling the points of the wind with unerring sagacity. The winds furious at having their secrets betrayed, would often steal softly down upon him in the disguise of a delicate breeze, and then burst upon him with the roar of a lion, in the hope of tumbling him from his sentinel's post. But they never caught him, for he was then young and agile, and he glided round at the slightest breath, so that the winds never could succeed in coming upon his broad-side, but went off howling with anger to sea, where they wrecked ships, and buried them under the waves.

But the town neglected the poor cock, and he was never re-gilded or repaired, so that in time his pivots grew rusty, and he could no longer move with his former agility. Then the storms persecuted him, and the Equinox came down on him savagely twice a year, and buffeted him so that he thought his last hour was come; and those who passed by Saint Fantasmos on those tem-

pestuous nights heard him shrieking with rage, through the wild aerial combats, till thinking it the voice of a demon high up in the clouds, they crossed themselves, and hurried home to bed.

So the cock, and the belfry, and Jubal the Ringer grew old together ; but Jubal was the oldest of all, for the human heart ages more quickly than stone or copper, and the storms that assail it are fiercer and sharper than the winds or the rains.

II.

JUBAL sat in the window of the belfry, looking over the black town, and moaning to himself. The day had not yet risen, but was near at hand.

‘This morn,’ he said, shaking his long hair, which was already sprinkled with gray, ‘this morn she will be wed. This morn she will stand in front of the altar below, the light from the silver lamps shining on her white forehead, that I love better than the moon ; and her lover will put the gold ring upon her finger, and the priest will bless her with lifted hands, while I, through the cracks in the vaulted ceiling, will behold all this : I, who adore her : I who have loved her for years, and followed her with my eyes as she wandered through the fields in May, toying with the hawthorn hedges, herself more fragrant, whiter, purer than the blossoms which she gathered. I, who used to spend the early dawn traversing the woods, gathering the red wild strawberries while the silver dews still lay upon them, in order that I might place them secretly at her door ! Ah ! she never knew how in the cold winter nights I sat in the fork of the apple-tree outside her chamber-window, watching her light, and gazing on her shadow as it fell upon the blind. Sometimes the shadow would seem to lengthen, and come across the walk and climb the tree, and I would strive to fold it in my arms, as if it was my beloved in person ; but it would suddenly recoil and elude me, and I could do nothing but kiss the branches where it had fallen, with my cold lips.

‘One day, she went to gather white and yellow water-lilies, that swam on the surface of a pond. She held a long crook in her hand, with which she reached out and endeavored to bring them to shore. But they were cunning and slippery, and did not wish to be captured, by even so fair a maid as she ; so when her crook touched them, they ducked their pearly and golden crests under the waters and escaped, coming up again all dripping and shining, and seeming to laugh at the eager girl. Being vexed at this, she stretched out her crook still farther, when the treacherous bank gave way, and my Agatha went down into the deep pond. I was near — I was always near her, though she knew it not — and I plunged in, and sought her amid the loathsome weeds. I brought her to shore, and chafed her fair forehead, and revived her. Then when she had recovered, I said to her : ‘I am Jubal, the Ringer : I love you Agatha : will you make my lonely life happy forever ?’

With a look of wild horror she broke from me, and fled to her home.

‘And I am despised, and she weds another. While the blessings are being given, and the church is white with orange-wreaths, and the poor wait in the porch for the nuptial bounty, I, who adore her, must sit aloft in this old belfry, and ring out jubilant chimes for the wedded pair.

‘Aha! they know not Jubal, the Ringer. I can work the spells my mother worked, and I know the formulas that compel spirits. Agatha, thou false one, and thou, smooth-cheeked lover, who dreamst perhaps of her now, and thou, sacred priest, who givest away to another that which belongs to me, beware, for ye shall perish!’

Then Jubal laughed horribly, and spread his arms out as if he would embrace the night, and muttered certain strange sentences that were terrible to hear.

As he muttered, there came from the west a huge cloud of bats, that fastened themselves against the sides of the old belfry, and there was one for every stone, they were so numerous. And presently a ceaseless clicking resounded through the turret, as if myriads of tiny laborers were plying their pick-axes; a hail of falling fragments of mortar tinkled continually on the tin roofing of the Church of St. Fantamos; and the bats seemed to eat into the crevices of the old belfry, as if they were about to sleep forever in its walls.

Presently the day rose. The sun-beams poured over the edges of the hills as the molten gold pours from the caldron of a worker in metals. The streets began to pulse with the first throbs of life, and Jubal, the Ringer, laughed aloud, for not a single bat was visible. The entire multitude had buried themselves in the walls of the belfry.

III.

THE street leading to the Church of St. Fantamos was by nine o’clock as gay as the enamelled pages of a pope’s missal. The road was strewn with flowers, and the people crushed the tender lily of the valley and the blue campanula and the spiced carnation under their feet. In and out between the throng of loiterers ran persons bearing boughs of the yellow laburnum in full blossom, until the way seemed arabesqued with gold. The windows on either side were filled with smiling faces, that pressed against the panes, like flowers pressing toward the light against conservatory casements. The linen of the maidens’ caps was white as snow, and their cheeks were rose-red; and each jostled the other so as better to see the wedding procession of the fair Agatha and her gallant lover on its way to the altar of St. Fantamos.

Presently the marriage cavalcade came by. It was like a page from a painted book. Agatha was so fair and modest; the bridegroom was so manly; the parents were so venerable with their white locks, and their faces lit with the beautiful sun-set of departing life.

As the procession passed beneath the windows, bunches of ribbons and flowers and bits of gay-colored paper, on which amorous devices were written, were flung to the bride and bridegroom by the bystanders; and a long murmur swelled along the street, of 'God protect them, for they are beautiful and good!' And this lasted until they entered the gates of the church, where it was taken up by the poor people of the town who awaited them there. So, with benedictions falling upon them thick as the falling leaves of autumn, they passed into the Church of St. Fantasmos; but as they gained the threshold the bride looked up to the belfry, and there she fancied she beheld a man's head glaring at her with two fiery eyes, so that she shuddered and looked away. The next instant she looked up again, but the head was gone.

The people who were not invited to the ceremony loitered in the yard without, intending to accompany the bride home when the sacred rite was concluded, and cheer her by the way with songs composed in her honor. While they waited, the chimes in the belfry began to peal.

'How now!' cried one. 'It is too soon for the chimes to peal. The couple are not yet married.'

'What can Jubal be dreaming of?' said a second.

'Listen,' cried a third; 'did you ever hear such discords. Those are not wedding chimes. It is the music of devils.'

A terrible fear suddenly fell over the multitude as they listened. Louder and louder swelled the colossal discords of the bells. The clouds were torn with these awful dissonances; the skies were curdled with the groans, the shrieks, the unnatural thunders that issued from the belfry.

The people below crossed themselves, and muttered to one another that there was a devil in the turret.

There was a devil in the turret, for Jubal was no longer man. With his eyes fixed on the crack in the vaulted ceiling, through which he saw the marriage ceremony proceeding, and his sinewy arms working with superhuman strength the machinery that moved the bells, he seemed the incarnation of a malevolent fiend. His hair stood erect; his eyes burned like fire-balls; and a white foam rose continually to his lips, and breaking into flakes, floated to the ground.

Still the terrible peals went on. The tortured bells swung now this way, now that, yelled forth a frightful diapason of sound that shook the very earth. Faster and faster Jubal tolled their iron tongues. Louder and louder grew the brazen clamor. The huge beams that supported the chimes cracked and groaned. The air, beaten with these violent sounds, swelled into waves that became billows, that in turn became mountains, and surged with irresistible force against the walls of the turret. The cock on the summit shivered and shrieked, as if the equinoxes of ten thousand years had been let loose on him at the same moment. The stones in the walls trembled, and from between their crevices vomited

forth dust and mortar. The whole turret shook from base to apex.

Suddenly the people below beheld a vast cloud of bats issue from between the stones of the belfry and fly toward the west.

Then it appeared as if the bells spent their last strength in one vast accumulated brazen howl, that seemed to split the skies. The turret rocked twice, then toppled. Down through the vaulted arch, crushing it in as if it had been glass; down through the incensed air that filled the aisle, on priest and bride and bridegroom and parents and friends, came a white blinding mass of stone and mortar, and the next instant there was nothing but a cloud of dust slowly rising, a splash of blood here and there, that the dry stones soaked in, and one battered human head with long hair, half-visible through the mass of ruin. It was Jubal dead, but also Jubal avenged.

When on the ensuing October the wild equinoxes came like a horde of Cossacks over the hills, to make their last assault upon the golden cock, they found neither bird nor belfry, and the mischief they did that night at sea, out of mere spite, was, the legend says, incredible.

M Y H E A R T .

I.

THEY say a woman's heart is like a harp,
And like a plant that knows a blooming hour:
May be; but mine—not yet hath risen its song:
May be; but mine—not yet hath blown its flower.

II.

'Tis true some little, wordless fantasia
May have been wakened by a toying hand:
Some genial breeze have oped a little bud,
A small, white flower like those on lone woodland.

III.

The music, burdened with grand words, awaits
Some master powerful and passionate;
And, dreaming of the royal-hearted sun,
The purple flower sleeps in her veiled state.

IV.

But oh! my heart is happy of this hush,
So like the silence of that hour ere dawn:
So glad to dream as little shrubs may dream
All winter 'neath the warm snow on the lawn.

T H E N U M B E R T H R E E .

‘Jove hurls the three-forked thunder from above.’ — ADDISON.

THERE is a strong prejudice in favor of the figure seven. The ancients spoke of it as the ‘sacred number.’ There were seven plagues. The week is divided into seven days. Our constitution is changed every seven years; and the poet has rendered memorable that figure by a production never to be forgotten, namely: ‘We are Seven!’ That mathematical paradox, nine, has also its votaries, most respectable computers. There were also nine wonders. Let me ask, however, what is nine but the square of three? As for three, its history, its beginning dates from the creation of the world. It is found in every branch of science, and adapted to all classes of society. Now only have patience, and I will state, explain, prove.

I commence with the Bible. When the world was created, we find land, water, and sky. Sun, moon, and stars. Noah had but three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale’s belly; our SAVIOUR passed three days in the tomb. Peter denied his SAVIOUR thrice. There were three Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. ‘Simon, lovest thou ME?’ was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions, for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope, and charity, these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. The sacred letters on the cross are I. H. S.; so also the Roman motto was composed of three words, ‘*In Hoc Signo.*’ There are three conditions for man: the earth, heaven, and hell; there is also the Holy Trinity. In mythology there were the three Graces; Cerberus, with his three heads; Neptune, holding his three-toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine Muses sprang from three. In nature, we have male, female, and offspring; morning, noon, and night. Trees group their leaves in threes; there is the three-leaved clover. Every ninth wave is a groundswell. We have fish, flesh, and fowl. The majority of mankind die at thirty. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle; witness the power of the wedge; and in logic three premises are indispensable. It is a common phrase, that ‘three is a lucky number.’ It is a singular fact that the shape of the continents is triangular, namely: South-America,

Africa, etc., having their apex at the south; while the oceans are consequently of the same form, with their bases south. Mountains have a cone shape. There are but three pure colors — blue, red, and yellow. In history, the Triumvirates were striking. The battle of Horatii and Curatii was decisive. Richard the First was admonished by Curate Falk to give up his three favorite daughters (vices) — Pride, Avarice, and Voluptuousness; and the truce between Richard and Saladin was concluded for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours. A signal is given by three claps. When a duel is fought, the order is given: 'Five! one, two, three, halt!' Who does not recollect his first lesson in Cæsar: 'Gaul is divided into three parts.' The nose is one-third the length of the face, so with the forehead. Three notes constitute a chord in music, the fourth being the octave. It is a curious fact that the finest airs in music are in waltz time. In grammar we have active, passive, and middle voices; verbs, regular, irregular, and defective; first, second, and third person; masculine, feminine, and neuter gender. The simplest sentence must have three words, a noun, verb, and object. Franklin felt complimented at being called a man of three letters, (fur;) and Horace proclaimed the praises of his Lydias by 'three times three.' Man comes of age at twenty-one — three times seven; and woman is *freer* at eighteen — three times six. Do we not all revere our grand-fathers' three-cornered hats? And what effect was produced at one time by the 'tricolor.' Three criminals are placed in the same cell to prevent a conspiracy. Mephistopheles requested Faust to call him three times. Columbus sailed in three ships, and made three voyages. A ship has three masts. Sailors, when pulling ropes on a man-of-war, are only allowed to say, one, two, three. A dog turns round three times before lying down. Court is opened by 'Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye!' And a criminal is sentenced to be hung till he is 'dead, dead, dead!' Only three of the Sybilline books were saved. The three witches of Shakspeare are famous. Who does not, when pleased with a political speech, exclaim, 'Three cheers!' without the 'tiger.' The banns of marriage are published three times. The famous speech of Mr. Burke was followed by 'I say ditto!' Mother Goose, in reply to Wordsworth, wrote about three jolly Welsh men. A horse, it is said, lives three times the age of a dog; a man three times the age of a horse; a camel three times the age of a man; and an elephant three times the age of a camel. Napoleon's last words were, '*Tête d'armée!*' The celebrated words on the wall were, '*Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!*' The last words of our SAVIOUR were, 'It is finished!' What credit Cæsar received for his laconic '*Veni, Vidi, Vici!*' '*Punch*' has one also, Peccavi, 'I have (zind) sinned.' In France the watch-words of the Revolutionists were, '*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité!*' Trajan's famous saying is worthy of remembrance: '*Pro me; si merear, in me.*' There is another evasive reply: '*Non mi ricordo!*' And our own national motto is, '*E Pluribus Unum!*'

F A R A N D N E A R .

SITTING by my open window,
Looking out where day is waking,
I remember him who left me,
As a gloomier dawn was breaking.

Here before me, green and fragrant,
New-mown lawns stretch into distance,
While the elm-trees, wooed by breezes,
Palpitate with love's resistance.

Trembling to the zephyr kisses,
All the dewy foliage glistens,
And the oriole sings his matin
Where the charmed thrush sits and listens.

Birds of gay and glittering plumage
On triumphant wings are soaring,
Songs of joy and exultation
Over all the young dawn pouring.

Soft translucent clouds are floating,
White as wool, or amber-tinted,
Where celestial robes of wonder
By their lustring folds are hinted.

Far beyond the skyward warblers,
I can hear angelic voices :
Through the blue my vision reaches,
And my lifted soul rejoices.

All sublimed, up-springs my spirit,
Mounting on seraphic pinions,
Gazes on the loved and lost one,
Meets him in supreme dominions.

There, in Love's eternal mansion :
There, where Death is lost in distance,
I can see my own sweet darling —
I can join his new existence.

Thus my strayed but cherished first-born,
Gone, I could but wonder whither,
Draws me with electric forces
From earth's grossness upward thither.

His the hands that mine are clasping ;
His the voice that hails my greeting ;
His and mine the olden rapture,
The remembered joy of meeting.

Waking from that radiant vision,
Shrinking into saddest musing,
All around are jarring noises,
My bewildered brain confusing.

Comes again the fruitless yearning,
 Comes the sound of woe and warning,
 Comes the thought that chills existence,
 Comes the cloud that darks the morning.

Birds may charm the ear with music,
 Blue skies bend in beauty o'er me;
 Meadows, rich with buds and blossoms,
 Wave their starry plumes before me;

Sun-rise on the waters quiver,
 Floods of crimson bathe the mountain;
 But my day is shut in darkness,
 Life is hindered at the fountain.

G. H. C.

THE MEDDAH OF STAMBOUL:

OR THE ORIENTAL STORY-TELLER.

NOTHING is more erroneous and unjust than the idea that the Orientals are indolent or inactive. The apparent idleness which some persons have attributed to them, is more the effect of a spirit of resignation to external circumstances, than of a desire to be unemployed. Indeed *inactivity* is against the spirit of the Ottomans, for with them there are no *rentiers*, but every one must have a calling; even the Sultan is traditionally supposed to belong to the *tooth-pick trade*!

Although there is no national drama in Turkey, the love of the marvellous is too powerful in the warm and imaginative nature of the people of that sunny clime, to remain without some development.

There are professed story-tellers, called *Meddahs*, who acquire the most wonderful popularity, and who are not destitute of dramatic power, entrancing their attentive audiences by the magnetism of highly-wrought fiction and exaggerated descriptions. They exercise certain *coups de théâtre* of their own, and are, by the excited fancies of the people, invested with a genii-like power, as they condense into the passing hour the scenes of an eventful life, or detail the enchantments of fairydom. Yet their tales generally have some good moral, and their comicalities hold up some popular vice to public derision.

On festival occasions the *Meddahs* provide a most welcome part of the entertainment. We happened to be present at the palace of Adilé Sultan, the sister of the present Sultan, and the wife of his late Highness Ahmed Fethi Pasha, on one of these days of pleasure. As usual, the side of the spacious apartment of the Selamlak, adjoining the harem, was partitioned off by a latticed screen, behind which were assembled the Sultana and her suite,

with many other ladies, to enjoy the entertainment. The gentlemen were also present on the other side of the screen; this being the only style of *mixed assembly* in the East, the advantage being always on the side of the ladies.

The hall was beautifully illuminated by large chandeliers, whose brilliancy was reflected in the sparkling gems that adorned the persons of the distinguished Effendis and the beautiful amber mouth-pieces of the long chibouks, from which they wafted ambrosial gales.

After the performances of a number of Circassian dancing-girls, a large arm-chair was placed at the end of the hall, opposite the lattice, and an individual was conducted to this temporary seat of honor.

He was a man of middle age; his gray beard was carefully trimmed; and he wore the modern costume in the European style, with the national fess upon his head. Having seated himself, he carelessly threw his large painted muslin handkerchief over his right shoulder, so as to be ready for use, and taking his wand of office, which lay by, much resembling an aldermanic staff, gave three portentous knocks on the floor.

Rising from his seat, he now made a profound obeisance toward the lattice, where was supposed to be the presence of royalty, and then resuming his former position, slowly clapped his hands three times, uttering the invocation *Hack-Dost*, Allah befriend us!

A breathless silence pervaded the apartment, for this was the famous Meddah!

We will attempt to relate the story which fell from his lips, with only such modifications as may render it acceptable to Western ears:

‘Who has not heard of the wonderful cream-tarts of Beder-Eddin Hassan and his mother, whereby hangs a tale, which fell from the lips of the enchanting Schehrazadé?’

‘But once upon a time, in the seat of felicity, this city of Stamboul, there was sold a more exquisite, a more incomprehensible, a more soul-stirring, in a word, the most exquisite confection of which we have ever seen any record.

‘The history of this wonderful pastry has often been the theme of the Meddahs, and is worthy of repetition, for it teaches all the world the great necessity of possessing some practical trade, which may some day be useful to either rich or poor.

‘KASSEM PASHA beöreyee
Tup-tup eder yüreyee.

‘KASSEM PASHA’s pastry sweet
Pit pat makes the heart beat.’

So cried a famous Beörekgee as he travelled along the quiet thoroughfares of this metropolis; poising on his head a great round tray, upon which lay tempting heaps of the far-famed pastry manufactured only at Kassem Pasha.

‘Selim was tall, young, and handsome; his eyes were dark and

piercing, his nose aquiline, his moustache undefiled by any razor, soft as silk, and the ruddy glow of youth was upon his countenance.

‘His muscular arms were bare almost to the shoulder, the ample sleeves of his white gauze shirt being carefully secured, so as to expose the most elaborate tattooing, the insignia of the Janissary corps.

‘He used to wear ample trowsers of crimson broadcloth, with a splendid vest of the same hue, both gayly embroidered with gold thread; and an immense Persian shawl was round about his waist.

‘His turban was made of a *taraboulous*, or long and heavy silk scarf, of the most brilliant hues, from Tripoli, which was fantastically wound round a high fess; his legs were bare and muscular, and his large shoes of bright red morocco.

‘Right boldly and confidently the handsome Selim glanced on every side, as he sang out in full round tones:

‘KASSEM PASHA beüreyye
Tup-tup eder yüreyee.’

Strange praise that ‘Pit pat makes the heart beat!’ Mouths have been known to water for a delicious morsel, the mere odor of a savory mess has been next to a taste thereof; but why should *this* pastry make the heart to palpitate! Was it the song of Selim which broke upon the stillness of the thoroughfares like the musical cadence of the muezzin? Was it the bold, dare-devil beauty of the gayly-accounted vendor himself? or was it really the taste of the pastry? Who can tell?

‘A jewelled hand taps at the latticed casement, and Selim tarries a moment at the portal, at the adjoining dwelling he stops, over the way, every where, until the last morsel is disposed of, and he wends his way back to Kassem Pasha for a new supply.

‘They taste, they look at each other, taste again, until their hearts really beat with anxiety. ‘How delicate, how melting, how unsurpassed!’ every one exclaims; ‘but why do our hearts tremble?’ Yet day after day Selim appears, always singing out the same incantation, always dealing to eager customers the same entrancing morsels.

‘There is mystery, but intrinsic excellence also, rare compound! Incredible! yet all classes of the great community are astir about this pastry; wondering, talking, partaking.

‘When Ahmed entered his lowly dwelling at night, of course bringing his loaf of bread for the evening meal, and a candle, thus providing for his family according to the rules of the sacred Koran, Fatma said: ‘All day long have I been dying to taste that pastry.’

‘But, my dear soul, I have just twenty paras in my purse.’

‘It matters not, Allah Kerim, God is powerful, the morrow will take care of itself.’

And the humble couple feast upon the far-famed pastry.

'Yes, beggars eat of it, artisans taste it, Effendis swallow the fascinating morsels, Pashas regale themselves, and ladies of all ranks and classes tremble and eat.

'The royal palace is not exempt from the mania. The Sultan and the fair Sultanas declare all the confections of their own hitherto unrivalled professors of gastronomy unworthy to be matched with the Kassem Pasha beöreyee. Every day increases the demand; all are enraptured with this morsel of delight, and without ever knowing the reason why

'KASSEM PASHA'S pastry sweet
Pit pat makes the heart beat.'

'Half way up the Golden Horn, just after passing the Old Bridge, there is a sort of bay right opposite the city, on the Pera side, the shores of which form the quay for three different quarters of the city, namely Pera, Tataula, and Kassem Pasha. The Divan, or Hall of Admiralty, stands prominently on one point of the bay, and upon the other are the Dry Docks; between these buildings are the Marine Barracks. The principal Navy-Yard of the Ottoman empire is located all along this shore, as far as the village of Haskeöi; while the new Naval Academy is conspicuous on the ascent of the neighboring hill. As these places are government property, they are bordered by a wall which extends from the Old Bridge to the village of Haskeöi. Passing through the gate-way of this wall, which is always closed at night, you come upon a ravine, inclosed by the hills upon which the above-mentioned suburbs are built. In this ravine a famous Turkish dignitary once erected a mosque, which was called by his name; indeed the whole quarter has ever since been known by the same title of Kassem Pasha. Yet we may safely aver that all honor was concentrated in the little spot of *terrâ firma*, upon which the temple of Allah stood; for no odor of sanctity pervaded the adjacent localities.

'Here live the families of the reckless sailors and of the laborers and mechanics of the Navy-Yard, forming a noisy, independent, care-for-naught community, untrammelled and untainted by the restraints of civilization. The rain, mud, and filth pour down from the adjacent hills, carrying in their course all the refuse of the houses into the bed of the ravine, creating a stream foul, black, and disgusting. Upon the banks of this dark river, are innumerable dingy coffee-shops, low eating-houses, green groceries, dry groceries, fruit-stores, and other marts of commerce. Here love to congregate all the outcasts of society; the ill-designed to prey upon the vices and follies of humanity, and the low and vulgar to indulge their dispositions in sympathy with their kind. The astrologer loiters here, pipe in hand, ready to reap his harvest from the superstitious multitude; not to trace the hand of destiny by the far-off evolutions of the stars, but to tell the issue of earth-born passions as they dash tumultuously, like tempest waves over the great ocean of human life.

'In the darkest corner of the dimly-lighted shop, closely huddled

together, sit a group of evil-looking men, in cautious whispers and flash jargon plotting their coming misdeeds of theft, assassination, blood, and death, when darkness shall cast its mantle over the great city. In these purlieus the more wary villains find ready tools, bold men who reckon gold more precious than any man's life, and for a price, will unhesitatingly accomplish any desired scheme of ruin or of death.

'Once in this atmosphere, once in the company of these devils in human form, no one would travel further in search of the infernal regions.

'Here then, strange to tell, among these shops and these inhabitants, stood the famous establishment whence emanated the delicious pastry once so popular among all classes of the great metropolis. Notwithstanding the reputation of Kassem Pasha, by degrees this shop became a place of resort from all quarters of the city for those whose epicureanism and curiosity overcame all other obstacles. All the shops in the East are unincumbered by windows or panes of glass, and the one in question, though otherwise most conspicuous, in this respect resembled all others. Its whole façade was open, being only protected by movable shutters, which were suspended by hinges from the top of the cornice. These shutters, when raised in the morning, were hitched upon the projecting eaves of the shop, forming an external ceiling, or sort of awning above the heads of the customers. This awning was gayly painted in the most diversified hues, as well as the whole exterior and interior of the popular establishment; the garb of most gaudy Oriental fresco strangely contrasting with the dingy and sombre surroundings. Just within the front of the shop, and extending as far as the door-way, there was a wide counter, made of black walnut, which was much deepened in hue, and polished in surface by its gradual assimilation to the nature of the wares it constantly held, namely, great trays of the tempting pastry, hot and unctuous. A few feet from the counter was the oven, the front of which was fantastically covered with tiles of Chinese porcelain, while below the door was a slab of pure white marble. Over the oven, on one side, was an aperture, through which trays of prepared pastry were continually issuing to be baked. Between the counter and the oven were some half-dozen men, with arms bared to the shoulder, variously employed. Two were shoving fresh trays into the oven and removing those that were already baked; and the others were near the counter, serving the impatient customers. Each man held a pair of scales suspended by bright brass chains three feet long, while with a semi-circular knife he cut up the pastry and weighed it. Long and constant practice had made them so dexterous, that one cut of the knife seldom failed of the requisite measure, while the regularity and uniformity of these movements produced a sort of mechanical music, constantly vibrating, click, clack, click, clack. Along one side of the shop there was a raised platform, about two feet high, for the accommodation of those who could afford to sit down awhile and prolong their

epicurean tastes. There were several active boys who found constant employment in serving these customers; while Mustapha, the presiding genius and lucky proprietor, paraded to-and-fro in attire of crimson and gold.

'The crowd in attendance was motley and numerous; men in loose robes and huge turbans of every hue and form; men of quiet respectability and of busy haste; men of *piastres*, and men of *paras*. Women in white veils and green, yellow, pink, and blue *feradgées*, of somewhat dubious rank and caste. Boys and girls, with the undisguised enthusiasm of childhood; all in their way discussing the products of the establishment. Some were outside, some within; some greedily swallowing the morsel in hand, smacking their lips, and licking the clinging fat and savor from their fingers, so absorbed in eating, and regardless of publicity; while others, more fortunate or more dainty, were seated upon the platform in the shop, with small trays before them, and with more pretension to epicureanism; but one and all graphically and practically demonstrating the assertion of the wisest of men:

'There is nothing better than to eat.'

The Meddah here personated the various greedy characters in this group with wonderful aptitude and comicality, with such a varying expression of countenance, such life-like intonations and idiomatic phrases, that one would have supposed the whole crowd before Mustapha's shop had suddenly entered the hall.

There was created the most dramatic effect, to the perfect satisfaction and exceeding merriment of the august company. The applause having subsided, the Meddah thus continued:

'A little distance from the crowd two persons had for some time been lingering, apparently well amused by the eagerness of this multitude. Tall caps, in the form of sugar-loaves, constituted their head-gear, and ample cloaks of coarse brown cloth, fell in graceful folds about their persons. They wore striped vests of Damascene fabric, with full trowsers of Angora shalley, and their waists were girdled by shawls of unpretending value, in which were displayed the long-handled ebony flesh-combs generally used by the members of their order. Their feet were encased in yellow buskins, over which they wore the customary *pabooches*, or yellow slippers. From this external appearance it was evident they belonged to the order of the Mevleevee dervishes.

'By degrees they drew nearer to the shop, and entering, seated themselves with the rest of the company upon the elevated platform, and a tray upon a low stool was placed before them containing the famous pastry, fresh and hot.

'There was a remarkable lightness, an incredible expansion of the delicate fibres of the mingled flour and butter, as it lay in innumerable flaky folds, inclosing the most delicate force-meat; indeed, the dervishes were more than ever delighted with their favorite pastry, and could not refrain from expressing their satisfaction to each other. After discoursing some time as to its ingredients, they at last called Mustapha and began to question him as to how

it was manufactured. But the Beörekgee, with a solemn face, only admonished them to suppress all curiosity, and enjoy the repast before them. Supposing the man was afraid of competition, one of the gentlemen answered him, that they had no idea of setting up a rival establishment, but were only desirous to have it made at their own houses. As Mustapha was inexorable, they tried to overcome his reluctance by the offer of a goodly sum of piasters. Whether the refined appearance and polite demeanor of these dervishes, or the apparent length of their purses, suddenly changed the word of the man of the wonderful pastry, is uncertain; but he promised to show them the peculiar process after they had finished eating. Much amused by the prospect of having their curiosity gratified, the dervishes soon arose, and were conducted to the fountain for the purpose of washing their hands. This fountain was in the back part of the shop, behind the oven, within a closet so small that but one person could enter. After some time had passed, the dervish who was awaiting his turn outside, gently opened the door to see what his friend was about, when lo! he found the closet deserted. Much alarmed at the disappearance of his companion, he summoned the Beörekgee, who assured him that there was no cause for alarm; his friend had only gone to the place where the pastry was prepared, and that if he had the same curiosity, he had only to perform his ablutions, and he would also be conducted there. He accordingly entered the closet, and as he was washing his hands, suddenly the floor beneath his feet seemed to give way, and in a moment more he found himself in a large subterranean hall. The atmosphere was humid, cold, and redolent of noxious vapors, too heavy to breathe, where terror alone almost sufficed to stifle respiration.

‘Several lamps suspended from the ceiling cast a lurid light on the scene before our trembling dervish; huge figures flitted before him, now and then a deep sigh or stifled groan came heavily to his ears; yet there were no human voices. Almost paralyzed with fear, he tried to call out for his friend, but his speech failed him. What were those naked forms hovering about, knives and hatchets in hand? What meant those severed limbs, those scattered hands and feet, those trunkless heads with starting eye-balls? He stepped forward into a pool of blood! he reeled back over a dead body! he listened, and only caught the echoes of the axe or the knife!

‘Bound hand and foot, he saw several men standing, of so marble-like hue, that he doubted whether they were men or corpses; among these he discovered his own companion.

‘Along one side of this charnel-house was a long table, at which several individuals were busily employed, and at one end was a vast heap of human bones, which were gathered together by a man who seemed to be in attendance for no other purpose.

‘The famous pastry-maker now appeared, and taking our two terror-stricken dervishes by the hand, began to initiate them into the mysteries of his work-shop. Selecting a man from the group, he summoned the principal butcher of these regions, who, in a

twinkling, with his glittering axe, severed the head from the body to which it had so many years belonged. Fearful silence prevailed, and an icy shiver pervaded the life-blood in the veins of the lookers-on. They now turn to the tables, where the men dexterously strip the yet quivering flesh from the human limbs, freeing the bones from the clinging morsels, and with wonderful dispatch creating but two heaps of the late body: one a pile of flesh, the other of bones. This meat is now carefully chopped up and placed on trays, which are borne away.

‘Here, then, my Effendis, is the secret of the Kassem Pasha Biörekjee,’ said the proprietor of this famous establishment. ‘Nothing so savory, nothing so delicate, nothing so meltingly delicious as the flesh of a gentleman — a well-fed, fat, pampered gentleman. Does he not live on the rarest viands, quaff the purest wines, sip the most cooling sherbets? He is never wearied with the toils of life, nor does his body suffer from fatigue. He strolls in sweetly-perfumed gardens, and lingers by cooling streams, or reposes on silken couches. The pastry you eat just now,’ continued Mustapha, ‘pleased you well, my friends; it so surpassed all you had ever before tasted, that prudence was overcome, and curiosity became a passion in your breasts. No wonder you liked it, it was the pure white flesh of the Mir Akhor, or Master of the Horse of the Palace, they called him Abdullah, which, enveloped in a tissue of flour, so tickled your palates.’

‘Hafiz Allah!’ (God preserve us,) exclaimed the dervishes in a breath: for they knew Abdullah very well, and a sudden faintness almost overcame them. ‘Take all our money, all we have,’ they cried, ‘only send us away from this awful place.’

‘None go from here alive,’ said the Beörekjee. ‘What! to tell my secret, to spoil my business! Your money is mine, and your bodies too. Mashallah! you will make even better mince-meat than Abdullah himself. You look very tempting, your flesh is firm, and will surpass any I have ever had,’ said this connoisseur in human meat, as he rudely pressed his fingers upon the rounded forms of our dervishes. ‘Oh! no! to-morrow my gay Selim will have good reason to sing out:

‘KASSEM PASHA’S pastry sweet
Pit pat makes the heart beat.’

‘Now the names of our dervishes were Ali and Hassan. Ali seemed to be of superior rank, if one might judge by the deference rendered to him by his companion; but Hassan was very shrewd, and in this awful emergency began to consider in what manner they could be saved from their impending fate. After a little pause, he thus addressed the Beörekjee:

‘Master, to kill us would be of little use to you, compared to the great profit you might make by keeping us alive. Our dead bodies could only serve for a tray or two of pastry, but by saving us, your gains would be prolonged, and constant from day to day.’

‘It cannot be,’ said the stubborn Mustapha. ‘To let you escape

from here is impossible, unless, like your predecessors, in the form of minced-meat and pastry, to regale the subjects of our great Padischah, the sultanahs, the houris of the harem. By Allah, you shall be sent direct to the royal palace: a special order has come for a supply of Kassem Pasha's *béoreyee* for the Sultan's harem.'

'Hassan almost lost his *sang-froid* at this new threat; but life was too sweet to be parted from without another effort.

'Now, friend, let me tell you,' he again said to Mustapha, 'how you can make your fortune much sooner than by manufacturing pastry. My companion, Ali, is a man of surprising skill; he knows how to weave a certain style of carpet which excels the finest tapestry in curious and exquisite workmanship. Now, only keep us alive a few days, and try how much you will gain by selling these carpets as fast as Ali can weave them. If you do not find them profitable, you still have us in safe keeping, and can then make us into any thing you like. Get the loom, the silks, and let Ali make but one; take it to the bazaars, and you will get more for it than for a whole year's work at pastry.

'Ah! you think to cheat me,' said Mustapha; 'I have seen too many men like you, full of expedients to spin out the thread of life, even for a few short hours. No, I can't afford to let your fine flesh deteriorate by staying here: to-morrow's pastry must be the best that was ever made at Kassem Pasha's;' and, so saying, this hard-hearted monster left our dervishes to all the agony of anticipating their awful doom.'

The Meddah here rose from his seat, announcing that he was somewhat fatigued, and would take a moment's repose. He accordingly withdrew to an adjoining apartment, where the eager attendants served him with a pipe and coffee, over which he seemed to linger most unreasonably, much to the chagrin of the ladies, who began to be clamorous, declaring that the Meddah was too long refreshing himself.

For aught we know, he might have tarried till morning, had it not been for the appearance of the black eunuchs of the Sultana, holding in their hands the most persuasive arguments, in the form of sundry embroidered handkerchiefs, in the corners of which were tied up certain valuable pieces of gold. These having been presented to the Meddah in the name of the Sultana and her ladies, did not fail to remind him that his tale was not yet finished; so taking one last long puff of the all-inspiring weed, he again repaired to the hall, and resumed his seat and his story, saying:

'The situation in which we left the dervishes is not to be envied, and we shall learn in the sequel what destiny was in store for them. The unfortunate Ali and his ingenious companion spent all the wearisome hours of this horrible day in bemoaning their fate; now cursing their too fatal curiosity, and anon deprecating the unparalleled depravity of Mustapha: even Hassan, with all his shrewdness, all his apparent *sang-froid*, felt a deep despair taking possession of his soul. Were they indeed to be sacrificed? *they?* Could it be that Ali, the redoubted, the honorable, the powerful

Ali was thus to perish in this execrable den, by the hands of these cold-blooded wretches ?

‘*Istah fur-Ullah ! La vé la, illa koovet ul-Allah !*’ devoutly exclaimed Hassan, folding his hands upon his breast, as all human resources seemed to fail him.

‘God forbid ! There is none, none, no power but in God ALMIGHTY.’

‘It was now evening, and the dervishes thought their last hour was approaching. They seemed to hear the fluttering wings of Azraël, the Angel of Death ; they felt as if the shadows around them were deeper, the darkness more profound ; and excluding the world from their thoughts, as it seemed to be from their bodily senses, they commended their souls to the keeping of Allah. Falling on their knees, they solemnly repeated the ‘Fatiha,’ or the Lord’s Prayer of the Mussulmans.

‘Praise be to God, the LORD of all creatures ; the most merciful, the King of the Day of Judgment. THEE do we worship, and of THEE do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom THOU hast been gracious ; not of those against whom THOU art incensed, nor of those who go astray.’

‘Then addressing the Angel of Death : ‘Take not our souls in a rough and cruel manner from the inmost recesses of these our bodies, as the souls of the wicked, but as the souls of the Faithful, gently, and without violence.’

‘Ali and Hassan, without any more lingering desires after earthly objects, now calmly fixed their thoughts upon the joys of Paradise, which await all true believers.

‘They had almost forgotten their real condition, when suddenly another visitor was introduced into this hall of horrors — a youth of the noblest proportions, and in the beauty and freshness of perfect health, and evidently of high rank. Mustapha made his appearance also, and immediately ordered him to be sacrificed. Ali and Hassan now expected that their time had come ; but the Beërekgee had determined otherwise.

‘You are to live a few days longer,’ said he, addressing them. ‘I shall make a trial of your skill.’ The loom and the silks were procured, and the work was commenced by Ali. He was most assiduous ; for with the boon of life, even for a few days, hope again returned. One beautiful shade was mingled with another in varying tints : there were exquisite intertwinings of threads of gold and silk in fantastic shapings, and around the whole a rich border in arabesque, until by great diligence, working day and night, the carpet was soon finished. It was a *seddjade*, or small praying-carpet, such as the faithful use in their devotions, and excited the highest admiration of Mustapha, who was almost tempted to keep it for himself ; as if such as he ever addressed the throne of Allah.

‘But avarice was too strong a passion in his breast, and according to Hassan’s directions, he took it to the Bezesden, to be sold at public auction. It was there examined and admired for

some time, until at last one of the 'Hodjakees,' or licensed stall-keepers, ventured to offer an enormous price, as a start. The bidding was now kept up pretty lively, much to the astonishment and delight of Mustapha. There was great emulation, as each one of the Hodjakees was desirous to carry the carpet to the palace; for they considered it one of those gems of art which ought to pass into the possession of royalty itself. Perceiving this, Mustapha resolved not to part with it at any price. The Hodjakees then offered to accompany him, if he would take it himself to the palace, assuring him that his majesty would remunerate him highly, even for a sight of it, if he did not choose to part with it. They accordingly repaired to the royal residence, where their arrival was announced to the Lord Chamberlain, who ordered that they should be ushered into his presence. After requesting them to be seated, he evinced the greatest anxiety to know whether they had brought him any important tidings. One of the Hodjakees, making a respectful salutation, thus addressed his Excellency:

"We are not the bearers of tidings, my lord; but it has been our good luck to fall in with a beautiful praying-carpet at the Bezesten. As it is of the most exquisite workmanship, we were anxious to purchase it for the use of his majesty. But the owner,' and he pointed to Mustapha, 'by some caprice or other, having changed his mind, concluded not to part with it. We have persuaded him to bring it here for the royal inspection.'

'So saying, he unfolded the carpet, and held it up to view. When the Lord Chamberlain saw the carpet, he was astonished and agitated; for he knew but one person who possessed the skill to weave such a wonderful *seddjade*.

"Can it be?" he suddenly thought: 'if so, there must be some characters interwoven among the figures, which would be unobserved by vulgar eyes.'

'He then eagerly approached the carpet, and seemed to touch it with an indefinable reverence. He anxiously scanned it, while all regarded him in profound silence. Then suddenly he seized it from the hands of the Hodjakee, and rushed from the apartment into the presence of the Silihdar, or Sword-Bearer, and spreading it upon the floor, pointed to the arabesque characters in the border. They both knelt, and began to decipher the inscription, with frequent exclamations of: 'Hafiz Allah! Hafiz Allah!'

'The Sword-Bearer now anxiously said: 'But is he yet alive?'

"We shall soon find that out," said the Lord Chamberlain, and returned to the room where were left the Hodjakees.

"Friend," said he to Mustapha, 'since you refuse to part with your carpet, can you not procure me another just like it?'

'Mustapha replied: 'That depends on circumstances, my lord; there is no limit to the munificence of our august sovereign.'

'He again left the room, ordering the attendants to offer refreshments to Mustapha and the Hodjakees, stationing a guard at the door with injunctions to let no one pass.

‘By Allah! no time is to be lost, he is yet alive,’ said he to the Sword-Bearer.

‘We will leave the Hodjakees and Mustapha regaling themselves in the Royal Palace, and proceed to the charnel-house at Kassem Pasha. There was great consternation in that locality, for the far-famed establishment instead of being surrounded by the ordinary crowd of customers, was now encompassed by troops of soldiers. To their great surprise all the inmates of the shop were made prisoners, the flooring was forcibly torn up, and a body of armed men, headed by the Lord Chamberlain, rushed into the subterranean hall, to the amazement of the busy fiends, whose deeds had never borne the light of heaven, and to the glad surprise of those who were awaiting their awful doom. The Chamberlain frantically rushed to-and-fro over the pavement all slippery with gore, over the heaps of bones, rolling before him the truncated heads like foot-balls, and anxiously peering into the faces of all who had life in them, until in a distant corner he spied our dervishes. Like lightning he sped on, and fell prostrate at the feet of Ali, the doomed, the rescued Ali! the skilful weaver! One shrill cry of joy burst from them: ‘Elhamed Allah. HEAVEN be praised!’

‘They now conducted the dervishes to the palace, where our Beorekgee was awaiting the reëpearance of the Chamberlain. For, although he expressed his desire to depart, he was assured that he could not leave the palace without again seeing the Lord Chamberlain. Whereupon he swore to himself, that he would be sure to make mince-meat of that Chamberlain if he ever caught him at Kassem Pasha.

‘His anxiety did not last much longer, for the Chamberlain himself now entered and summoned him and the Hodjakees to the presence of the Sultan. His heart bounded within him at the prospect of the royal patronage. High-sounding titles were sweetly whispered by excited fancy, visions of palaces and houris suddenly floated before him, and his soul blessed the enchanted carpet.

‘He seemed to tread on air as he walked along the corridors of the palace.

‘He entered the audience-hall, and raising his eyes to the throne, suddenly became of the hue of death, and with one long shriek of wild despair, ‘Mercy, oh! mercy!’ fell to the floor.

‘For he saw before him, upon that throne in those regal robes, the dervishes of his own charnel-house, the all-powerful, absolute Sultan and his Grand Vezir.

‘The truth is, that as was customary in the days of Haroun al Reshid, so it had continued to be for Sultans to perambulate the city incognito. Sultan Murad and his Grand Vezir had personated the dervishes of our story, and penetrated into the secrets of the Kassem Pasha pastry.

‘We have seen how they would have perished like many others, if a wonderful ingenuity had not, by the interposition of Allah, been

the means of their preservation. For the Sultan had in a curious manner interwoven the history of his awful accident among the arabesques upon the carpet, which was carried to the palace where it only could have been deciphered.

‘My story is done,’ said the Meddah, ‘and doubtless you are all convinced of the value of the mechanical arts.

‘The Sultan himself would have perished if he had not possessed the art of weaving, and the world would never have known why

‘KASSEM PASHA’S pastry sweet
Pit pat made all hearts beat.’

THE NAMING OF THE BABY.

BY DIX QUEYDI.

PILGRIMS, Eblis-bound, like VATHER ;
Scholars, vexed with metres Attie ;
Patients, stretched on rack rheumatic ;
Fathers, plagued by sons erratic :
 When such pains would be beguiled,
 Try the naming of a child.

Bards propose sweet names undying,
History with song is vying,
Romance to be heard is trying,
Holy Writ brooks no denying ;
 Oh ! what dire perplexity
 Brings the baby on your knee !

Blessed aunts and rich grand-mothers,
Cousins, friends, and countless others,
Each with name that suits, yet bothers ;
How the list appals and smothers,
 Till you fear, with all the fuss,
 Babe will stay anonymous.

Then how much of joy and grieving ;
Poet’s rage, soft lyrics weaving ;
Lover’s hope, all others leaving,
So a maid’s name may be cleaving :
 Sure the christening of the elf
 Costs more pain than baby’s self !

Could a name but hint the story
Of thy blue eyes’ oratory,
And thy new smile promissory
Of ripe beauty’s coming glory,
 Love and lore should meet to frame,
 Sweetest babe, thy fitting name !

THE DEATH OF VIRGIL:

A PHILOSOPHIC FANTASY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

IN a spacious mansion in the suburbs of Rome, at the twilight of the day preceding the nones of March, in the year of the city 734, sat two noble and thoughtful men. The eldest, who was about fifty, was clad in a white tunic. He was thin and tall, with a scholarly stoop in the shoulders; his face was pale and worn, but more, it seemed, with sensibility than time. His companion, who was some five or ten years younger, was wrapt in a purple toga. Between the two was a small table of citron-wood, the legs of which were of ivory, and curiously wrought. Upon this table stood a basket of fruit. The walls of the apartment were covered with pictures and statues; the spaces between were filled with carvings in wood, some of cypress and box, others of ebony, inlaid with tortoise-shell and pearl. The floor was of different colored marble; the ceiling was adorned with ivory, and richly painted and gilded. It was the Corinthian room of Virgil, the poet and magician, who was conversing with the knight Publius, his friend. They had finished the cœna a few minutes before, and adjourned from the triclinium, bearing their frugal desert.

‘I have been looking at the sun-set, and thinking of my past life,’ said the poet, after a brief pause. ‘It has not been altogether wasted, like the lives of so many; still, I cannot but reproach myself, I have accomplished so little. A tree bears in its time hundreds of baskets of fruit; the great deeds of the greatest men can be counted on the fingers. Why should man be so sterile, and Nature so prolific?’

‘The lower the life,’ the knight answered, ‘the more lavish its issue. The oak sheds a thousand acorns, each one of which contains a germ of itself; the bird that sings in the oak lays but a few speckled eggs. Life narrows as it ascends. Birds and trees, the grass of the fields, the sands of the sea-shore — these are the base of the pyramid, the apex of which is man.’

‘So we flatter ourselves, Publius. But did we know what the birds and trees think of us, we might not be so proud. ‘I can fly over land and sea,’ methinks the bird sings; ‘over miles of field and wood, and the long, long leagues of water. I soar in the great arch of the sky, up, up to the clouds. What is this thing called man, who creeps so slowly on the ground, and is so driven about by the waves?’ ‘I grow broad and high,’ the oak murmurs with its oracular leaves; ‘ever broader and higher, wedding the years with my rings. I hold out my great brawny arms, and wave my green flags in the sun-shine. I laugh at the wind and the rain, and fear nothing, not even Jove’s thunder. It is a fearful bolt that slays the mighty oak. But these pigmies around me, who cannot span my bole with their arms, I outlive whole genera-

tions of them.' Then there are the rocks and hills, Publius, and the seas and skies. They could tell a tale of longevity which would humble us, their betters. Your figure of the pyramid is not a happy one. But if you must use it, let it be inverted. Life should not narrow, but broaden as it ascends.'

'I was not thinking of man's body,' said Publius, 'when I placed him above the lesser intelligencies, but of that mysterious something which we call his soul. That he should have that, and not have the hardy life of the animals, which he needs so much more than they, puzzles and saddens me. Why should the inanimate oak endure a thousand years, and the most god-like man scarce three-score and ten?'

'There are reasons, Publius,' said Virgil, handing the knight a peach from the basket on the table before him; 'many excellent reasons why the life of man is so short. And not the least is this: we eat too little fruit. The animals follow their instinct, and it leads them to their proper food; we follow our debauched appetites, and gorge ourselves with poisons—the fore-runners of disease and death. Thou hast supped with Lucullus, and know what beasts we Romans can make ourselves. We drag the sea for its fish, and empty the air of its birds. We bake and roast and boil them, and huddle them together, course after course, washing the compound down with draughts of fire. Instead of cooling our parched throats with grapes, we press out their juice, and hoard it away in our cellars until it becomes maddening and murderous. I loathe our Roman banquets; there is nothing innocent or natural about them, except the roses which crown our cups. And they, poor things, soon fade, blasted by the foul breath or fouler jests of the drinkers.'

'It is easy,' Publius replied, 'for you poets and philosophers to live on fruits, delicate and spiritual thinkers that ye are; but the tillers of the soil, the ploughmen of the waves, the stout harvesters of battle-fields, the workers of the world, need, methinks, a stronger diet—something that will make blood, and bone, and sinew.'

'The vitality of flesh,' the philosopher answered, 'is weaker than that of grain, because it was originally derived from grain. It is life at second-hand. We know nothing of grain. It germinates mysteriously in the soil, quickened in the bosom of our Universal Mother. She brings her life to bear upon it in darkness; it is fed with secret moisture, warmed with internal fire. Is it not reasonable that it contains more of the life of the earth than the beasts which feed upon it? There is a slave on my farm at Mantua, an old man, whose years more than equal our two lives, who has never tasted flesh, but has lived on fruit from his birth. There are no signs of age about him, except his white locks; he stands as straight as a man of thirty, and is as broad-shouldered as the Grecian Hercules. Match him for bone and sinew among thy flesh-fed athletes. I have seen him fell an ox with one blow of his fist. We are degenerate fellows, we Romans of to-day; even our

slaves excel us. If this continues much longer, what will become of Rome? Ah! Rome! Rome!' he murmured, 'if I should never see thee again!' He threw himself back on the couch and gazed upon the scene before him.

It was a grand and beautiful sight, that sun-set picture of Rome. A wilderness of roofs, palaces, temples, and baths, with glimpses of gardens and groves. Here was the palace of Cæsar, built of white marble, and adorned with statues and porticoes; there the forum of Augustus and its gilded pillar, at the base of which all the roads of Rome ended; and there the steep ascent of the Capital and the temples of Jove, Juno, and Minerva. Beyond were the theatres of Pompey and Marcellus, the stadia and hippodrome, and the Circus Maximus, a city in itself. Here and there rose a triumphal arch, dedicated to some great general or emperor; the public squares were peopled with colossal statues, and lifting its shaft serenely in the air stood the great obelisk which Augustus had brought from Egypt — a gigantic needle of granite, covered with hieroglyphics. On the north lay the Tiber, a dark and sluggish stream; and around all was the great wall of Rome, with its multitude of gates. Beyond this, stretching into the country on every side, were the public roads, the great highways of the empire. And over all, like a low-hung dome, was the deep blue Italian sky. The west was red with sun-set, but the veil of darkness was descending in the east, where a few faint stars were twinkling.

'Is not Rome beautiful, Publius?' exclaimed the poet in rapture. 'I am never weary of gazing upon it. I know every inch of its soil, every stone in its streets. I have travelled in foreign lands, in Greece, Egypt, and India; have seen Athens, and Alexandria, and the famous cities of the desert, but nothing like old mother Rome. She is the queen of cities, the mistress of the world. Her atmosphere is divine.'

'That Virgil should love Rome, is no marvel,' said the knight, with a smile, 'for all the world knows what he has done for her. I have heard the barbarians of Gaul speak of his statues. 'The magician has made,' said they, 'as many statues for Rome as there are kingdoms tributary to her. And around the necks of these statues hang bells of magical power. For when a kingdom revolts, the statue which represents that kingdom strikes the bell, and summons the Roman legions to arms. And these statues are called The Preservers of Rome.' I have heard, too, of his lamp, by which the whole city is lighted, (Per Bacche! but there have been nights of late in which it was needed,) of his blooming orchards on the banks of the Tiber; and of the palace he built for the Emperor — that dangerous but convenient palace in which Augustus sees and hears whatever is said and done in Rome.'

'It is not by things like these that I would show my love for Rome. I have written a poem, Publius, in honor of Æneas, our great ancestor, and, unless I deceive myself, it will preserve her glory when my statues shall have crumbled into dust. Follow me

to the library, and I will show it to thee. Thou shalt read it, if thou wilt: if not, we will converse till mid-night. I have something I would say to thee.'

He summoned a slave, who entered with a bronze lamp, and led the way into the atrium. The oiled log was blazing on the hearth, and by its flickering light they saw the Lares and Penates. From the atrium they proceeded to the library, which was already lighted. From the centre of the gilded ceiling swung a massive silver lamp, of a fantastic pattern. It was shaped somewhat like a boat, with the head and fore-legs of an ox on each side. On its deck were a couple of swans, looking to the prow and stern, which were slightly raised; through their arching necks ran the chain by which the lamp was suspended. Under this lamp was a couch, and a table of Egyptian marble. The floor was inlaid with mosaic, and here and there were mats of grass, brilliantly dyed. Statues of marble and alabaster stood on the shadowy niches, like ghosts, and in the corners of the room were dusky figures of bronze.

But the glory of the library was its manuscripts, which were lying round in all directions; strewn on the couches and the floor, and piled up in their cases. Here were the writings of the Greek poets and philosophers, and there the mysterious lore of Egyptian and Indian sages: volumes of papyrus and parchment rolled on ebony cylinders, and sheets of vellum fastened with leather thongs. The name of each work was emblazoned on its back in red letters. The voluminous authors were bound with ribbons, and preserved in boxes and cases. Upon a small desk by the window stood a silver ink-horn, and beside it lay an Egyptian reed, and some half-written sheets of parchment.

'I sent for thee to-night, Publius,' said the poet, when the pair had seated themselves, 'as a man sends for his friend when he feels that his end is near. Start not when I say that my last hour is at hand. It will be here at mid-night.'

'Thou art to die at mid-night?' inquired his companion anxiously.

'I said not that.'

'True: I had forgotten. To us, philosophers, there is no such thing as death. It is merely change. We change our bodies as we do our garments, putting off our old, worn-out robes for a new suit, fresh from the wardrobe of the gods. You assume the spiritual toga at mid-night then? I am sorry for it. You will doubtless gain by the change, for they say we have nothing in Rome like the Elysian fields. Still, I prefer Rome, and, Jove willing, I do not mean to quit it for many a long year.'

'In my new epic,' said the poet, 'I take Æneas through the kingdoms of the dead. I follow the priests in my description of his journey through the shades, partly because it would not be safe just now to question their stories, and partly because I have nothing better to offer in their stead. Invention is a rare gift, even among the poets. But, under the rose, dear Publius, Hades and Elysium are fables. That the soul of man exists after this

change which we call 'death,' I believe; but beyond that, I know nothing. We may guess, but we cannot know; knowledge is the fruit of things seen, not of traditions and dreams. You will see what I have written as a poet; what I shall write as a philosopher thou wilt know hereafter.'

'I doubt not, Virgil, but that thou wilt walk with Plato in the world of souls, and interpret his wisdom cunningly. But the dead know already what thou wouldst teach them. It is not the dead, but the living, from whom the secret of death is hid.'

'Listen, Publius, for what I am about to say to thee has never been breathed to man. From my earliest youth, as thou knowest, I devoted my life to philosophy; not merely studying what the philosophers have written, but travelling in many lands. I have listened to the Greek philosophers in Athens, in the very grove where Plato taught: questioned the priests of Egypt in the shadow of the Pyramids, and even traced the stream of thought back to its fountain-head in the East. I have learned something from all, but more, Publius, from myself. I studied at first the nature of the gods, for upon that, I was taught, all knowledge is based. I mastered all the known systems of mythology — a thousand different charts of the same sea. I could track my way through the pathless forest of Error, under which the Truth lies buried, and erect its fallen columns with a semblance of their ancient beauty. I saw the gods of the world, Jove, Osiris, Brahma, sitting above the clouds, in the serene regions of the air, but I could not worship them, majestic though they were, for I felt there was something beyond them. As they did not go back to the beginning, they could not endure to the end. There was another God to whom the end and the beginning were one. Of this God I knew nothing. HE was, is, and ever will be, THE UNKNOWN. Unlike Jove, whom we figure to ourselves as a bearded, majestic monarch, we cannot embody or conceive HIM. HE is a Cause, a Principle, an Essence.

'Here I stopped, and wisely, for this is a shoreless sea, and turned my thoughts to man. It matters little in this world, I sometimes think, whether our conceptions of gods are true or false, but it is essential to us to understand men. We have but one life in which to do our duties to ourselves; we shall have many to worship the gods in. I studied man profoundly in his spiritual and physical nature, and much that was before obscure became clear.'

'What a strange dream,' said Publius musing, 'this life of ours is! Yesterday we were children in our nurses' arms, to-day we are strong-limbed men: to-morrow we shall totter about on our staffs, the next day all will be over. The life of man is the buzzing of a summer fly.'

'It was not so in the early ages,' answered Virgil. 'There was once a time, we read in the poets, when men lived a thousand years. The world considers this a fiction, but I hold it to have been true. When I was in India I saw a Yogi who was said to be two hundred years old. He lived on fruits, and drank from a

brook that ran past his hut: his bed was the bare ground. The earth strengthened him, as it did Antæus. You should be initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis, Publius, if you would learn the virtues of the earth. There is a deep meaning in the myth of Ceres and Proserpina. Would men but live on grain instead of flesh, they would live longer; could they but know themselves and their powers, they need not grow old and die. Our bodies grow old in a few years, because we break the laws which govern them. The matter of which they are composed takes a new form, because its old one will endure no longer. The guest that violates the mansion that harbors him, as we do our bodies, must be ejected. The slaves that have hitherto obeyed him (I mean his passions) grow riotous, and thrust him from the banquet; away from the lights, and the wine, and the laughing faces of his friends, out into the terrible night. Such is the doom of the fool, but the wise man can escape it. The truth which has baffled the world for thousands of years, will one day appear suddenly, and remain forever. It is this, Publius: Men need not die!

The knight started at these wild words as if a thunder-bolt had fallen at his feet.

‘Thou thinkest me mad,’ said Virgil with a pitying smile, ‘but thou art mistaken. I repeat it: Man need not die. The UNKNOWN, of whom he is an emanation, makes him at his birth the lord of the body in which he is inclosed. This body has its laws which cannot be broken, (for matter, Publius, is not created, as many think, but is eternal and self-existent;) but to obey these laws is to master them, and render them powerless. ‘But what are these laws?’ I asked myself. ‘That is Nature’s secret,’ my soul replied, ‘and we must wring it from her.’ Then I began to study the Earth. I planted my garden, and watched the germination of seed. I stocked my ponds with fish, and watched their spawn. I filled my aviaries with birds, and watched their incubation. I learned much, of which our naturalists are ignorant, (I believe my pastorals are praised,) but not the secret of life. It evaded me for years. But my pursuit of this Proteus was not without fruit. For out of my baffled studies, my sleepless nights and days — now prying into the earth in the gloom of caves, and now filtering the rivers at their source — burning in the hot noon sun on unsheltered plains, and freezing on the tops of mountains in the cold nights of winter — in my library poring over ancient scrolls, or in my laboratory melting rocks and metals; from all this, Publius, and from dreams which were vouchsafed to me in answer to my prayers and fasts, came glimpses of what I sought, like flashes of lightning at night. But how stands the clepsydra? The slave of the night has neglected to give me the time.’

‘It will not be mid-night for an hour.’

‘Much may be done in that time. I will give thee a specimen of my knowledge.’

He opened a casket and took out a handful of seed which he planted in a vase. Then he sprinkled the vase with water, and

muttering an incantation, waited for the charm to work. In a few seconds the seed germinated, and a tuft of light green shoots pushed its way through the soil. At first the stalks were single, like spears of grass, but ere long they put forth branches and leaves, rising and spreading the while until they reached their full growth, and were crowned with buds. 'Behold this flower,' said he, plucking a blowing rose, and handing it to his wondering companion.

'It is indeed marvellous, if it be not a delusion; but I dare not trust my eyes.'

'Trust them, they do not deceive thee: the rose is real. Smell it.'

'Its odor is delicious. But what else canst thou do? Turn the rose back into a seed?'

'Nothing easier, as thou shalt see. But since thou hast doubted the naturalness of this flower, step into the garden and pluck one. I am no priest that I should juggle with thee.'

The knight soon returned with a lily.

'Thou hast selected a flower whose virtues are potent at night; so much the better for my art.' He shut the lily up in his hand, and muttered the charm backward. 'What is it now?'

'By the gods, Virgil, it is a seed!'

'This is only child's play to an adept in the art of magic. Our necromancers can do this, and more. There is one now in Rome, I am told, (he is probably an Egyptian,) who can instantly turn an egg into a bird. I can do better than that.'

'Canst thou change a bird into an egg?'

'Better than that even. I can kill a bird and bring it to life again. But how is the clepsydra now?'

'It is still half an hour to mid-night.'

Behind a screen in a corner of the library hung a cage, tenanted by a pair of sleeping sparrows. Virgil opened the cage-door softly, and taking one of the birds from its perch, bore it to the light where it awoke with a sudden chirp. 'Kill it, Publius.' The knight wrung its neck, and handed it to the magician. He sprinkled it with water, and breathed into its bill. The bird stirred and opened its eyes: at last it rose and flew about the room. A peculiar chirp brought it to the hands of its master, who kissed it and placed it back in the cage.

'Canst thou recall the dead?'

'No, Publius, I cannot restore the dead to life, but I can save the living from death. Or rather, they can save themselves, when they learn the laws of their being. What the Universe is to its MAKER, man's body was meant to be to him—not a garment which waxes old with time, but a palace built for Eternity. That we have ruined these noble palaces of ours, is the sorrow which burdens the world. But there are means of rebuilding them, Publius, and making them immortal. We can repair the ravages of our passions, the decay of time. Did not the enchantress Medea restore her father to youth, in the infancy of the art? I

know the herbs that she used, and much beside that she was ignorant of. I met a Brahmin in the East in my travels, who could die and come to life again. He let me shut him up in a tomb once for thirty days, without food or water; at the end of that time he was alive and merry. He taught me his secret so that I too can die at my pleasure. I mean to die to-night, this beautiful spring night, when the earth is full of life. It rises from the rich, damp mould, and falls from the mists and clouds. It breathes in the scented wind, heaves in the swelling river, throbs in the far-off stars. What the Soul of the World is doing with the world around us, my soul can do with my body. As I have preserved it from decay for years, I can preserve it still. As I moulded it once from dust, I can mould it again and into a diviner form. It will be plastic in my hands. Follow me to my laboratory, and when I bid thee, depart and shut the door. Then seal it with wax so that no one may open it. When nine days are past, (it will then be the Ides of March,) I will rejoin thee.'

'But if thou shouldst not?'

'Then I have deceived myself, and deserve the death I shall have found. Bury me in the tomb of my ancestors at Naples, or throw me into the Tiber, I care not which: I shall not be worth a thought. Burn my manuscripts, especially my epic. In the mean time read it. It is yonder in that cedar scrinum: the last sheets are lying on the desk. If it prove tedious, turn to Homer instead. When I shall have corrected my story of Æneas, it will rival the Wars of Troy. But we shall see. I have commanded my slaves to obey thee in every thing. Thou shalt have banquets, if thou wilt, even of flesh, although I detest them. There is still some Marsian wine in the amphora. Eat, drink, and be merry. But see, the last drops of the clepsydra proclaim the mid-night. Come.'

He lighted a taper at the lamp of swans, and they proceeded to the laboratory. It was in the cœnaculum, or upper story of the house. They passed through a range of chambers crowded with furnaces and crucibles, and stopped at a small door. It was made of iron, and seemed to have been let into the wall after the house was built. As Virgil touched a secret spring, it flew back, and showed a dark room beyond. This room was without a roof, for on entering, Publius felt the night-air, and saw the stars above him. The floor was strewn with earth, and exhaled a rich, damp smell. What with the unexpected sight of the stars, and the uncertain light of the taper trembling in the hands of the poet, it was some time before the knight could realize where he was. He stood in a circular chamber representing the celestial spheres. The wall was divided into twelve compartments — the number of signs in the Zodiac — and adorned with astronomical figures. Between these compartments were ciphers, composed of numerals, and the letters of various alphabets, and above and below were belts of mysterious signs — the lotus of India, the winged globe of the Egyptians, and the sacred triangle of the Cabbala. If the figures

on the wall were calculated to astonish Publius, what must have been his bewilderment when the wall itself seemed to move! He rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming, and looked again. Again it moved! He was in a revolving chamber! Looking at the floor, which he feared would open beneath him, he saw at his feet a sarcophagus. It was half full of earth, and beside it was a basket of plants and two large braziers for burning incense.

‘My hour is come,’ said Virgil faintly. ‘Place me in the sarcophagus, and cover me with the magic herbs. Light the braziers and stand them at my head and feet. Then leave me. Seal the door, as I commanded, and expect me on the Ides of March.’ A sudden tremor ran through his frame, and he sank back in the arms of his friend.

He was placed in the sarcophagus and covered with the plants, and the braziers were lighted. ‘Vale! Virgil, vale!’ said Publius, and retreated from the chamber. In the laboratory he found a jar of wax, with which he sealed the door. He stamped the seal with his signet-ring, and retraced his steps, starting from his own shadow which the dying taper threw on the wall. At last he reached the library, and, to distract his mind from what he had heard and seen, he took the manuscript epic and began to read it. He fell asleep in the sixth book, leaving Æneas in the infernal regions, and wandered in a labyrinth of dreams. Now he was in the Chamber of the Zodiac, lying in state in the sarcophagus, drenched with the dew, and stifled with the smoke of the incense; anon he was a ghost in the awful world of the dead. He stood on the farther bank of the Styx beseeching Charon to carry him back to the earth, but the grim old ferryman was inexorable. He was awakened in the morning by the sparrows. ‘The bird that was dead is singing,’ he said; ‘and the rose, I see, is living. There is hope for Virgil.’

On the third of the nones there came a message for Virgil from the Emperor. The messenger was admitted into the atrium, where Publius received him. ‘The poet,’ he said, ‘cannot be seen.’ He was followed by a second messenger, and then Augustus came.

‘How is this,’ he demanded, ‘that Virgil denies himself?’

‘Be not angry, Cæsar, it was I who dismissed thy messenger. I told the truth. Virgil cannot be seen till the Ides of March.’

‘But where is he? and why do I find thee here in his stead?’

Then Publius related to the Emperor all that had happened; Virgil’s conversation in the Corinthian room; the marvels that he performed in the library; and his immolation of himself in the Chamber of the Zodiac.

‘This is a strange tale,’ said Augustus thoughtfully. ‘Where is the room in which you say he lies?’

‘I dare not show it, Cæsar, for I have sealed the door for nine days.’

‘Show me the room; I must see him,’

‘He will appear on the Ides of March.’

‘Slaves!’ shouted Augustus to the domestics of Virgil, who came hurrying at his call, ‘lead me to the laboratory of your master. I am the Emperor.’

The terrified slaves obeyed him.

He tore the wax from the door, and not finding the spring which opened it, he bade them break it down. They battered it with beams until it gave way, and drew back for the Emperor to enter. He found the chamber as the knight had described it: there were the signs of the Zodiac on the wall, and there the braziers and the sarcophagus. The Zodiac, however, had ceased to revolve, and one of the braziers was overturned. The sarcophagus was empty! ‘He is not here, after all,’ he thought. ‘It must be that Publius hath murdered him.’

But now one of the slaves drew his attention to a pile of withered plants on the farther side of the chamber. He ordered him to scatter it that he might see if there was any thing beneath; but before he could do so, he was suddenly confronted by the figure of a naked child. It stamped its feet, and tore its hair, and shrieking, ‘*Lost! Lost!*’ disappeared. At that moment the wall fell in. The Emperor sprang through the door and escaped, but the slave was crushed in the ruins.

When Augustus returned to the library of Virgil he found Publius burning a roll of parchment. ‘I am obeying the last wishes of the dead,’ he said sternly, ‘as thou shouldst have done. Hadst thou but hearkened to me, the dead would soon have been living, and Rome would not now deplore her poet. But it is too late, and I have burned his manuscripts.’

‘Madman! thou hast not destroyed them all?’

‘No! I could not destroy this, it was so beautiful,’ and he held out the cedar scrinum.

It contained the *Æneid*.

HYMN OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

—
 Ὕμνῳ σε μάκαρ
 Καὶ δε φωνῶς κ. τ. λ.
 —

O BLESSED GOD! to THEE I bring
 My humble voice THY praise to sing;
 And when my voice I cease to raise,
 I will THY name with silence praise:
 For voice and silence both are heard
 Alike by THEE, thou sovereign WORD:
 FATHER divine, ineffable,
 Almighty GOD unsearchable.

E. N. V. S.

' RHYMERS, QUACKS, AND HUMBUG.'

SOME bards collect and give the world their verse,
 So middling bad 't were better if 't were worse ;
 But, puffed in papers by their private clique,
 The first edition scarcely lasts a week ;
 A second's called for — and so, out it comes
 With a new rattle of admiring drums.
 Then certain honest persons, green and good,
 Go buy the book, because they 're told they should :
 But that is all — it were too much indeed
 To ask that any should both buy *and* read.
 The bard, elated, elevates his nose
 At common persons, who converse in prose ;
 Looks wild, abstracted, wanders through the town,
 And, *à la* BYRON, wears his collar down —
 Lets his beard grow and never combs his hair,
 Talks to himself and gestures to the air,
 Till sober lovers of the public peace
 Esteem him mad and summon the police.
 Mistaken men ! who never learned the rule
 By which to tell a maniac from a fool !
 Of fools the shallowest, idiots most complete,
 Wiser than wisest in his own conceit,
 Victim of puffs and dupe of partial praise,
 Like some vain hen, he cackles o'er his *lays* ;
 Till Time has addled his poetic eggs,
 Pulled off his wings and set him on his legs.
 Convinced at last that poets are not made,
 He rails at letters like a new JACK CADE ;
 Or if perverse, he still keeps twisting prose
 Into loose lines like onions strung in rows ;
 Makes songs for prizes, candy-curing rhyme,
 Mottoes for kisses, which with 'blisses' chime ;
 'Breeze' follows 'trees,' and ever after 'love,'
 Comes the soft cooing of the plaintive 'dove.'
 Ah ! luckless bard ! had he not known 'the Muse,'
 He might have furnished valuable shoes,
 And, when his days of usefulness had passed,
 Still proudly turned and pointed to his *last*.

PLATO, the golden-minded, in his youth,
 Loved trifles better than pursuit of truth :
 He wrote two tragedies and several songs
 Full of such nonsense as to verse belongs ;
 But when on wisdom he resolved to bend
 His mind, and con our being's aim and end,
 He broke in pieces his poetic lyre,
 And wisely threw his verses in the fire.
 Oh ! that small poets in our modern times,
 Would make a bonfire of their early rhymes,
 To serious tasks their faculties compose,
 Study philosophy and write in prose !

No age in literature was ever known
 One-fiftieth part so 'gifted' as our own :

At least you'll think so, if you but believe
 The journals critical, that ne'er deceive.
 One that with care I've conned these six years past,
 (Long may it flourish! ever may it last!)
 Precept on precept, line succeeding line,
 Has told its readers every book was fine.
 The latest volume was the very best,
 Until one more exceeded all the rest.
 O brilliant era! in so long a time,
 Not to produce the least poor prose or rhyme!
 'Tis surely *golden*, not a bit of brass,
 And wholly lighted by the sun, not gas!

Not only authors, but our statesmen, too,
 Are splendid fellows, and they're not 'a few.'
 Each country village does the most it can
 To have its one *remarkable, great man*.
 Ah! there he goes! the wonder of his age!
 Tremendous talents! yes—he's 'all the rage!'
 Strong with the pen and stronger at the bar,
 Of biggest magnitude—a first-rate star!
 See what profundity his looks express!
 Of manners heedless, sloven in his dress,
 Wears his slouched hat upon his hinder head,
 Seeming just risen ready clothed from bed:
 Went once to Congress; there he won renown,
 Bullied the speaker, knocked a member down;
 Now he's reposing on his laurels here—
 'We're going to make him Governor next year!'

Another portrait, now my hand is in,
 Here will I draw before the paint grows thin;
 Should it lack coloring to the common eye,
 Who knows the sketch can all the hues supply.
 Some folk there are by Nature doomed to prove
 That man was born incessantly to move.
 Such is that biped, rather tall and slim,
 Who deems few places good enough for him;
 No spot contents him but a year or so:
 Ask where he is, you're answered, 'On the go.'
 Where he was 'raised,' and dwelt some years at least,
 Is that queer country which is called 'down East';
 Thence on a 'shingle' was he known to glide,
 A human waif on Time's resistless tide.
 First through Connecticut his way he took,
 Retailing something which he named 'a book'—
 A book, half bound, with lines that looked like ruts,
 And illustrated with distressing 'cuts';
 Serious and stupid, moral, mean, and mild,
 With useful reading for the littlest child.
 Ask next what occupies his busy brain:
 He goes conductor of a railway train.
 But soon, grown weary of the rushing car,
 He 'hires' at taverns and attends the bar.
 Ere twelve-month passes he resumes his wings,
 Scorning to mix perpetual punch and slings.
 The next you hear, he's settled calm and cool,
 Pursuing physic while he teaches school,
 After some lapse again he stirs his stumps
 Through various cities, lecturing on bumps,

Or hydropathy, or some other cure,
 All very different, but very sure.
 At length comes out 'New Work by Dr. SNOOKS!'
 Begins with peddling; ends with making books.
 'A self-taught genius!' cries the weekly press;
 'His book on babies meets with vast success;
 The regular faculty are much perplexed;
 His life and portrait will adorn our next!
 By every person be his notice read
 On our last page: 'No HUMBUG!' at its head.'

Immortal Humbug! at thy call arise
 Shapes without number, forms of every size:
 Produced by thee in denser throngs they sweep
 Than e'er were summoned from the 'vasty deep.'
 The very mention of thy name invokes
 The puff, the brag, the falsehood, and the hoax;
 Each a Pandora with a jar in hand,
 To scatter worse than evils through the land:
 Notorious nostrums, candies, drops, and pills,
 (Take them, O friends! but first indite your wills;)
 New creeds, new codes, new systems of expense,
 (Adopt them all, and say 'farewell' to sense.)

How dolts and dunces love transparent lies!
 They trust assertion sooner than their eyes;
 To them one promise is worth twenty acts;
 Imagination takes the place of facts;
 Folly their pleasure, nonsense their delight,
 To those they dedicate each day and night.
 Where they abide, Truth's lamp is never lit;
 'The curfew tolls the knell of parting' wit:
 Reason, disgusted, flies where Humbug rules,
 'And leaves the world to darkness and to' fools.
 Yet things like these have long ceased to amaze;
 No more astonishment can Falsehood raise;
 'Tis grown too common; Truth were much more strange,
 If it were only for the sake of change.
 Few marvels now the busy mind engage
 In this gold-seeking, gold-discovering age,
 Where Love himself forsakes his bowers for mines,
 And all our fire-sides turn to MAMMON's shrines.
 I used to wonder at the strife for wealth,
 The reckless sacrifice of peace and health,
 The tireless treading of the daily mill,
 Incessant work, and all of it up hill.
 But that was when my years were young and green,
 And through a glass mankind were darkly seen;
 Since older grown, distincter views I trace,
 And see my fellow-sinners face to face.
 This truth I've learned — a truth of sternest stuff,
 There lives no man, who ever had *enough*;
 Enough — the horizon that forever flies,
 Recedes in distance as you near the skies;
 Enough — the rainbow, whose alluring hues
 Fade as man gazes, melt while he pursues.

A COMMON WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

A WRITER in some modern magazine, speaking of his heroine, has said: 'She had an ideal of life and love, as all women have; but, like almost all women, had neither the courage nor the integrity to cleave to that ideal.'

It is a truth. He was a subtle student in woman nature. And, had he generously added that woman may not go forth and search out her ideal as man may, and may not openly strive to win it as man may, we women would have read his words without writhing.

I live in a quiet, inland town, and know no people whose histories are called romantic and thrilling. Still I know stories of common lives which prove how difficult it is for women, unless they be surpassingly beautiful, or wealthy, or gifted, to obey their best impulses of action, and to live up to the code of conduct laid down for them by men who think finely but have never suffered.

If Amelia Hall had not the beauty which belongs to the complete woman, she had her nature and her peculiar genius. And I hold it is the most poetic order of genius which makes home a beautiful and happy place. The painter and the writing poet have always exquisite and abundant material with which to work. But woman (we speak of her in common homes, not of her in a palace) has often dingy things and doled supply with which to deal; but if she has genius, she always creates a place to which man comes for rest.

All women are said to resemble some flower, as all men some tree. Amelia Hall was like a rose, one of those roses which have a centre of faint star-color and single circle of pink petals as they spring up wild on road-sides and meadows, but which burst out with gorgeous, golden hearts and prodigality of crimson corolla if they are transplanted to cultured gardens.

She was an English girl, an orphan, and a dependent on the bounty of her uncle, a rich old man who lived in my native town.

I think it is a trait of all girls, whether gay or pensive, to tell to each other their aspirations and ambitions.

'How often I remember what Amelia Hall used to say,' remarked a friend last week, recounting to me the fates of various dreamers. 'While some of us hoped to be poets, and one a queen, and one an actress, and another a traveller, and many content to be rich men's wives with splendid wardrobes and jewel-cases, the foreigner used to say: 'O American girls! None of you speak of your homes nor of your husbands, unless to say they must be rich and handsome. Hear how I could be happy. I would have a home in a village of white houses, wide, cool streets, parks, and many gardens and fountains. Half a mile from the village each way, there should be woods, and every where streams of water and rustic bridges. I wish I might have a husband dark, tall, fine, and athletic as an Arab chief, chivalric as an olden knight, tender in

heart as a gentle page, and gifted as the Grecian poets. And unless I can have such a home and husband, I will always remain Amelia Hall, and work in uncle's dairy-room.' I remember how we used to laugh at the English girl for being prosy and domestic.'

Until she was twenty-four, Amelia Hall waited for her noble lover to arrive from the picturesque village. She was content the while to make butter and cheese, and to chat with the rustic young men of the adjacent farms. Until then she was content, sandalled with the fairy shoon of fancy, to walk in the folding parlors of her porticoed and balconied future home, to arrange the flowers, pictures, and furniture, and at twilight to sit in the white-pillared portico, or to go down the avenue of trees and watch at the Gothic gate for the noble one beloved. As firmly and coolly as if already affianced, she refused offer after offer from the wealthy and honest farmers.

At this period her uncle lost his property, and then his wife. Then they two were penniless — he an invalid old man, and she a poor, poor orphan. On her twenty-fourth birth-night, as she walked in the orchard as usual at sun-down, her uncle, lame and querulous, joined her and leaned on her arm. She saw hope on his poor old face. His voice was cheery as he began: 'Well, Millie. Feel old maid-like? Twenty-four this minute and no loser! Is it well, lassie?'

Millie smiled in her subdued fashion. She looked down at her face in the mirror of the brook. It was oval, smooth, and delicately rosy.

'I see, I see. You English keep well,' said the old man quickly. 'But you'll alter, lassie, when you have to work night and day for bread and calico. What do you mean to do to get these two things?' and he eyed her cunningly.

'I shall work at something and take care of us. I could teach, I think,' she replied.

'Keep school for eight or ten shillings a week? Starvation wages, girl. It would n't keep us both. If I was out of the way it might do. But I've a much better way, Millie. Old Yale's son — the one with horses, and chariots, and farms, and mills, and houses — wants you for a wife. He's been to-day talking with me about you. Why don't you smile, girl?'

'I never could marry a man like George Yale,' she said.

'He's the comeliest young man in town,' the old man continued. 'He'd worship a little lady-like woman like you. You could wind him around your little finger easier than you can that ribbon. He'll always be a home man. Consider him.'

She considered the stalwart farmer six feet high, with his sun-burnt face and still, constrained demeanor. 'I dislike to think of him,' she said.

'Consider him, I say. I can't bear to see you a slave for me; you'll soon be a miserable old woman. Marry him and have a home, and let me have a quiet room to die in. Yes, I've heard the girls tell how you was going to marry a grand talking gentle-

man. But I'll warn you you'll live a disappointed old maid if you wait for this fancy man. Stop, not a word. Think of it, think of it, before you make a vow,' and he hobbled to the house muttering.

Instead of Fancy, Reason spoke that evening to Miss Hall. 'Romantic young woman,' Reason said, 'do you know that you have never even seen this man whom you prettily call 'mate?' There are no such men in your town, and I assure you, you will never be known beyond its boundaries. Better accept the most eligible offer you have while it is open.'

'But it is not in me to guide a man to beauty and wisdom,' the heart earnestly plead; 'I would be led to higher summits. I shall only go back into the low-lands if I obey you, for I *know* I am infinitely superior to George Yale and all his comrades.'

'Do n't talk metaphysics to me,' said Reason coldly. 'I had rather know what you think of working day and night to support yourself and your uncle while you wait for this fancy man. What do you think of your old uncle's dying in the alms-house? What do you think of becoming a faded, old maid, eh? — a faded old maid, at whom, if he should meet her, the great gentleman would not look?'

Millie sighed wearily. More softly Reason continued: 'Is it not better to be mistress of that comfort-full establishment? Is it not better to give your poor uncle a home, even at the sacrifice of a few fine sensations? Would it be too much for his years of care for you? Be assured,' Reason concluded in an awful tone, 'be assured I have looked every way, and there is no wonderful knight on the road coming to rescue you.'

Amelia Hall walked once more 'sad and slow, sad and slow,' through that porticoed and balconied house of the future; she paced once more down the avenue of maples, and bathed in tears the hand of the prince-like one who would have led her back to sit with him in the white-pillared portico. She locked the Gothic gate, and brushed from the mystic sandals the dust of the cool, wide streets of that lovely village, and laid them away in a lonely room of her heart, whose doors she barred.

Then she prepared to marry George Yale. She wore no sacrificial air. Her old uncle laughed like a boy and blessed her with tearful eyes. She was womanly and sympathetic with her lover. She interested herself in his roughly-told plans. He lost some of his ruggedness of manner under her touch, and a little poetry latent in his heart flamed into life beneath her gentle breath. With some pleasure she mused: 'I can change him. May be my life will not be so dreadful.'

She was married to him, and smiled as some intimate friend reminded her of her ideal home and husband.

In beautifying and keeping her home beautiful, in infusing her delicate tastes into her husband's nature, Mrs. Yale found a real and womanly pleasure. But she ever grew pure and angel-like.

She was not strengthened ; she did not develop into the luxuriant double-rose.

They had been married three years when they were visited by a distant kinsman of Mr. Yale. Stanwix Mason was a professor in a Southern academy. He was a man of genius, and also a thorough man of the world. He was like Amelia Hall's ideal husband.

Of course he at once read the peculiar disposition of the husband and wife. Then he noticed the lady's still blue eye kindle at a picture he drew of a Southern scene. He watched the veins throb in the white, swelling temples as he talked on in the picturesque style which characterizes his books. A temptation glided to his side.

He saw how little her beautiful arts of house-keeping were appreciated by her husband, (who, though he did love his wife, was extremely matter-of-fact,) and he dared to talk to her in this wise as they sat in the parlor one day : 'I think you are an exquisite artist, Cousin Amie. Do you know I have been admiring the drapery of your rooms and your vases ever since I came? I seldom see their like, save in pictures. I can read dreams of yours in every bouquet you make for me. Poets compose other things than poems. I know something of your nature and your history perhaps from that special little library in yon white-draped cabinet that looks like a chapel where a lovely, lonely lady might go to weep and pray.'

'I do not know why you talk to me so strangely,' said Mrs. Yale coldly, her pride starting up in arms before the locked doors of her heart.

'Pardon me, fair cousin,' he responded. 'Become acquainted with me, and then, if I am worthy, confide in me.'

There were many evenings in which the three sat together on the stoop, Mr. Yale balancing his books, and the cousin reading aloud to the lady of the house from the Greek of Homer, and from Shakspeare and the Brownings. The young wife was exhilarated in the new atmosphere. She grew gay and beautiful. Her husband was happy of the change, and the guest grew more genial.

One night, when this cousin had read and talked to her until she was bewildered by the beauty and light he poured upon her soul, and when at parting for the night, he raised her hands to his mouth and kissed them, and murmured : 'Poor, poor little Amie;' that night the thrilling truth burst upon her. She was beloved by her cousin.

'Too late, too late!' she cried sharply as she fled along the passage to her room.

An hour later, Stanwix Mason, pacing up and down the garden-walks, as was his wont, saw through the open casement Amie kneeling by her bed-side in prayer. He saw her rise serene and kiss the swarthy brow of her husband. He understood the peace in her eyes and turned away with a thwarted face. The next day he smilingly bade them adieu for the South ; and the husband and

wife took up again the even tenor of their still-gliding lives; the honest husband happy and contented with his home and wife, living his best possible life, and she with half her nature in chains and darkness — her greatest happiness that she has made others happy.

And multitudes of women like Amelia Hall are called cowardly and mercenary, while they are really brave and unselfish. They are true to what they deem duty, if not to the instincts of their hearts.

T H E C H R I S T I A N ' S R E V E I L L É .

Why in anguish
Dost thou languish,
Christian! while such bliss awaits thee?
Why lamenting,
Though tormenting,
Cometh oft the foe that hates thee?

Jesus liveth!
Strength He giveth
To the soul that needful prayeth:
Lo! He blesses
Him that presses
Strong his suit, and ne'er delayeth.

Oh! to-morrow,
No more sorrow
Shall with awful weight oppress thee,
If not grieving,
But believing,
Thou wilt ask Him to caress thee.

Be not fearful,
E'en though tearful
To Him now thine eye upturneth:
Cloud-drops lighten,
Dark souls brighten,
When in Heaven His glory burneth.

Oft His finger
Near will linger
In the hour of death's fierce trial,
Backward tracing
Shadows chasing
Moments graven on life's dial.

Or if ever
Life must sever,
O'er the yawning grave He hovers,
And the spirit
Takes 't inherit
Homes where saints are guests and lovers.

Child of Heaven!
Though thine even
Ever be to darkness leading,
Still life's zenith
Star-lit leaneth
O'er thy soul some radiance spreading.

May, 1858.

Make petition
In contrition
O'er thy sins the past inhumeth;
For thy spirit,
Through Christ's merit,
See! in future glory bloometh!

Bright suns rise on
Thy horizon,
And thine, though veiled with warning,
Joy-beams catcheth,
While it watcheth
For the promised light of morning.

Rise, and arm thee!
If alarm thee
All the threats of Time while fleeing:
Never drooping,
Never stooping,
Spurn the weights of present being.

Neither weeping,
Neither sleeping,
Be thou found when Christ appeareth:
Seek thy pleasures
Where its treasures
Heavenly Hope in wisdom beareth.

Ever fighting,
Though affrighting
Satan's shafts around thee rattle,
Stand thou steady,
Bold and ready —
Drive him from the field of battle!

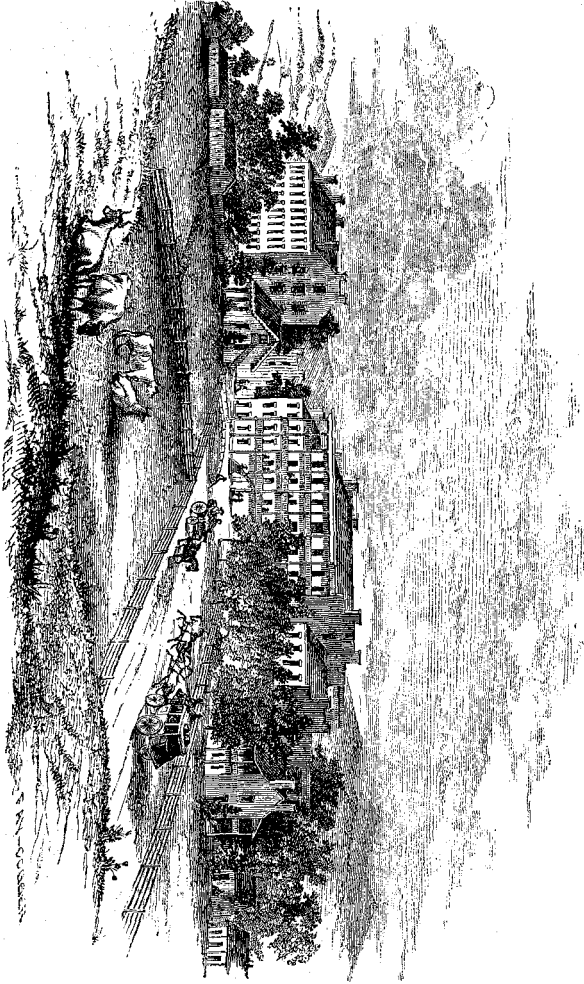
For life gasping,
God's sword grasping,
And thy loins girt, keep thy station:
Never flying,
E'en though dying,
Wear the helmet of salvation!

Onward ever!
Faint thou never,
Though thy brow be dimmed or hoary:
Till in Heaven
Shall be given
To thee harp and crown of glory!

S.

L I F E I N V I R G I N I A .

THE FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.



To A. C. R. —:

Fauquier Springs, 15th July, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You ask me to write you a very brief sketch of my Impressions of Country Life in Virginia. How can you make so unreasonable a request to a man who for thirty years of his life has been accustomed to prose in three volumes? Had you not put in that little word 'brief,' I might perhaps have made something of it. 'Impressions of Country Life in Virginia, in two

volumes quarto, by etc.,’ would have been much more in my way, and would have been an imposing title: but a *brief* sketch! Good Heaven! it is a frightful undertaking! Moreover, there are a thousand other objections. I have no amanuensis here — no living pen — and my own hand-writing is so delicately fine, that printers have the greatest difficulty in discovering whether ‘Constantinople’ means ‘Kamtschatka, or if ‘St. Petersburg’ is intended for ‘Sebastopol.’ Beside, where is the story?

‘Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir;’

and what can I do without a story?

Again, consider the variety of phases in Virginia country life: the farm life; the village life; the watering-place life; the negro life; the Eastern Virginia life; the Western Virginia life; the Pan-handle life! My dear friend, it cannot be done! You might as well call the history of a Ring-tailed monkey ‘brief tale.’

Above all, am I not the laziest man in the world, especially in hot weather? It is true, I am here in one of the calmest and sweetest spots in the world, where the beauty of the scenery, the gentle but well-marked undulations of the landscape, sink quietly into the spirit, and dispose to peaceful thought; where the gay, musical carol of the ‘miserable, down-trodden,’ happy, contented slave gives that vein of thought a far more calmly-cheerful turn than can ever be received among the sons of toil in great cities. True, also, that at Fauquier, cool shade from ancient trees can always be found without going five steps from your cabin-door, and that a delicious breeze plays in and out continually among the unencumbered trunks, while the fallow deer in the park sport about close by, as if they wished every one near to come and sport with them. True, the eye and the ear receive nothing but what is lovely from the hand of Nature. But alas! with me, this disposes only to greater laziness; and it is in the din of cities alone that I am disposed to shut out horrid sights and sounds, by the creations of fancy and art, or by the memories or treasured stores of the past. What makes me like this place so much — far more than any watering-place I have seen in Virginia — it would be difficult to say. Probably it is the shade and the trees. I remember, some twenty years ago or more, writing a little piece of verse on my thirty-fifth birth-day. It was composed — if that can be called composed which cost no trouble — in a fine grove of well-grown trees standing upon clear turf; and the beginning, if I remember rightly, was as follows:

‘Now half through life’s allotted space,
I stand upon the brink
Of latter days’ sere autumn-tide,
And pause a while to think:
To think and ask, of all that I
In the long past have seen,
What, had the choice been left to me —
What, what I would have been?
Of all conditions and degrees, on this side of the flood,
Oh! make me a king’s forester in some old shady wood!’

The same tastes have remained with me. I love the shady wood as well as ever; and if I am to be any body's forester, let me be a king's. Not that I would imply that Fauquier is seated in the bosom of a forest, for there are wide fields and sunny glades between; but there are trees enough, and those well enough disposed, to afford shade at every hour to every walk. If there be salamanders, they can find sunshine enough, Heaven knows, to warm even their cold natures. For my part, give me the shade from beneath which, on 'the tall eastern hill,' I can see the wide expanse of glowing landscape in its rich harvest dress, and catch sweeps of the Blue-Ridge, with its magical and ever-varying gleams of light and shadow.

The Rappahannoc, too, gliding along in its fair valley, just beyond the park-like Tournament-ground, ought to make thought run sweetly on along with its flowing waters; but this, with me, only induces greater idleness. A running stream always does so. I am inclined to sit upon the bank and let time flow with the river: not without thoughts, not without fancies; but without the energy to put them down. Vague impressions of beauty and pleasure come over the spirit, without the aid of Hachiz; and the mere lapse of pleasant moments seems to bring us nearer to that Heaven, where the mere consciousness of the glory and goodness of the ALMIGHTY may form the beatitude of those who have served HIM faithfully on earth. Moreover, the comforts of this place, the absence of those wants and necessities which afflict one in many other watering-places — the scramble for a bed that one can sleep upon, or a dinner that one can eat, or a pitcher of water that one can drink, or a towel wherewith one can wash — leads to the same lazy result. Delicately fed without paying the waiters for every dish; promptly attended without feeling the servants beforehand; civility amounting to kindness; and readiness instead of dull indifference, render these Springs 'a pleasant land of drowsyhead,' to use good old lazy Thomson's words, into which I would not advise any one to enter who is bent upon labor, but where the spirit freed from the load of business, or the mind absolved from the load of care, may find a month's Sabbath, and return refreshed to the duties and the toils of life.

And yet you ask me to write 'a brief sketch of, etc.!' How can I do it? How can I write at all in such a place? The only way, I suppose, will be to fall into the old strain, and make a picturesque story of it, thus:

'One beautiful summer's evening when the movement of the gentle waters of the Rappahannoc brought a sweet refreshing gale to temper the heat of the July sun, and the over-hanging trees of the lovely valley afforded shade to the temples of the weary traveller; when the singing of the birds and the murmur of the doves spread a pleasing and musical tranquillity around, and the slowly-moving masses of light cloud, throwing blue flitting shadows as they passed, gave infinite variety to the fields golden with the

wheat, or verdant with the yet immature corn, a *solitary horse-man* —,

Stop: that will never do. I intend to make some capital out of that solitary horseman yet, if it be but in favor of my good-nature: but I must not bring him in here; and while the pen is still running on upon the paper, I will try to give a few of my impressions of Virginia Country Life in a more sober and solemn form.

VIRGINIA COUNTRY LIFE.

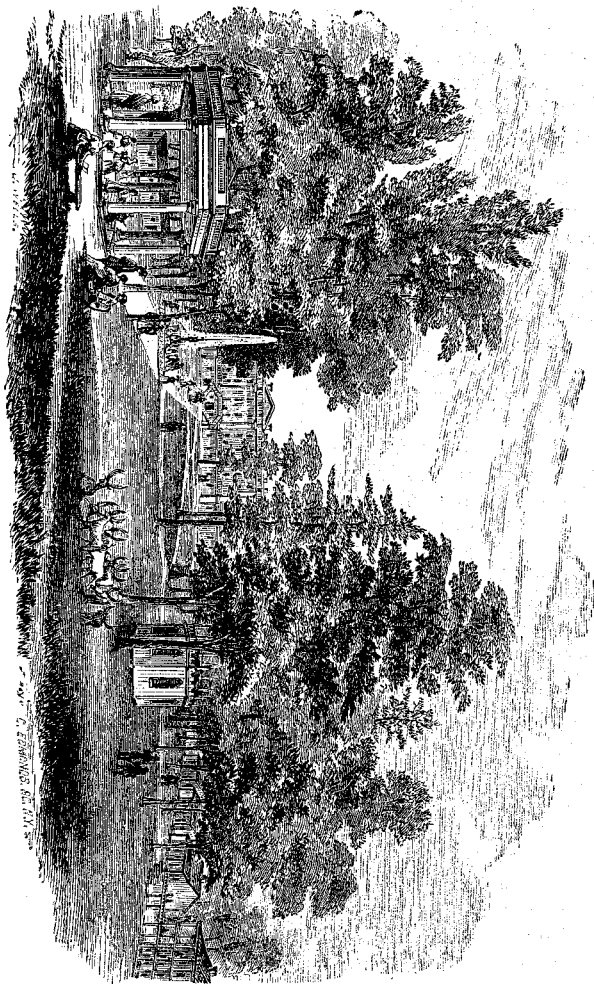
PLANTATION LIFE.

HOSPITALITY, in one shape or another, is spread over the whole United States; but its form varies much, according, I believe, to the different races from which the adjacent population sprung. In great cities, indeed, there cannot be much true hospitality shown by any citizen, unless he be enormously wealthy, or one of those benevolent persons who loves to entertain the pertinacious *dropper-in at dinner-time*. It is a curious thing that the near proximity of human beings, like the approach of the reverse ends of magnets, produces repulsion and not attraction; but so it is. The country is the only real scene of hospitality, and this is very general, I might say universal, throughout these States. In the North, peopled principally by the descendants of the old Lollards after they had gone through the phase of Puritanism, it is a more square and angular virtue, sometimes impinging a little upon other people's rounds and curves. But still, from Maine to Connecticut, I suppose there are few men who would refuse some entertainment to the weary wayfarer. In the far West there is not a cabin where, as long as there was a place left upon the floor, the traveller might not lie down to rest, and be welcome to a meal, if it were to be had.

The Virginians, sprung for the most part from the old Cavaliers, retain the more frank and profuse spirit of their race. They will in general eat with you, drink with you, fight with you, or let you do the same with them, without the slightest ceremony. To them hospitality seems a mere matter of course. There is no ostentation about it, no parade. Every now and then there may be a formal dinner-party, it is true; and it is possible, nay, I think it is likely, that every one at the board feels himself more or less uncomfortable at a certain degree of ceremonious restraint. But the usual course is quite different. In every well-to-do planter's house there is a dinner provided for the family, which may consist of five or six. Now, in this quarter of the world, what will do for five or six will do for five or six and thirty, and there will be no want. There is always *plenty*, though perhaps we could not add *no waste*. There is a lavish abundance, which in some degree smacks of the olden time in the green island, and still farther back was not unknown in England. The day's round is simply this: all rise early; then, in most families, come prayers; then the ample breakfast, to which the household drop in one by one, as it

suits them ; and then the separation to various pursuits, according to the various seasons of the year. The studious man takes up his book ; the sporting man shoulders his gun ; the mistress of the house seeks her basket of keys, and puts her household in order ; the master or his sons go out to see that the blessed labors of the

THE PAVILION: REAR VIEW.



plough or the hoe are not neglected by the servants in the field ; the daughters have the piano or the song. About, or rather after noon, the visitors begin to drop in — sometimes neighbors and intimate friends, sometimes strangers with letters in their hands. Then comes the universal ‘Will you not stay to dine ? Of course you are going to remain the night.’ It is to be remarked,

that Virginia houses and Virginia tables are all made of india-rubber, and stretch to any extent. I speak of course of the country, where you are not 'cabined, cribbed, confined' by strange masses of brick and mortar.

The walk, the ride, the book, are often varied, it is true, by special business or amusement. It may be a fox-hunt; it may be a drill of volunteers; it may be a public meeting; for Virginians, God save the mark! are not free from the curse of politics, or the drudgery of self-imposed and often infructuous functions. Beside, I think there are some six or seven hundred elections in the year, from watchmen up to Governors, where few men of public spirit would fail to exercise the inalienable rights of American citizens, even were their devotion to cost their health, wealth, and repose. If some wise person had not devised the plan of putting a dozen or two of candidates for various offices upon a party ticket, the poor citizens would have had nothing to do all their lives but to *elect*.

There is no lack of amusement, however, in a Virginian country house. Many, indeed most of the country gentlemen are well read, though not profoundly learned; and the character of the popular mind, discursive and expatiating, renders conversation lively and interesting. There is, beyond doubt, a fondness for abstraction, but it is by no means carried to the extent which some of their Northern fellow-citizens impute to the people of this State; and one great blessing is, that we never find that tendency lead to discussion of *free grace and predestination*.

Thus, in easy toil and pleasant amusement pass the hours of summer day-light. The autumn — the finest but least healthy season of the year — has also its enjoyments. More exercise can be then taken, either on horse-back or on foot, and life runs as smoothly on the large plantations as it does in any country of the earth. True, the intense heat of the summer, mosquitoes, and every winged pest that lives, detract a little, especially from the enjoyment of foreigners; and sometimes, toward night, a little dulness comes upon the march of Time. But then, for the gentlemen, at least, and sometimes for the ladies also, come the 'coon-hunt or the 'possum-hunt. Both must be pursued at night, and are full of sport. For the latter, the party must set out in the early darkness. Dogs, gentlemen, negroes, all assemble at the house or near it, and then forth they issue to the spots most frequented by the cunning vermin. On they go upon the darkling path, till suddenly the sharp eyes or sharp scent of the dogs discover the night-wanderer, and they rush after him, tracking every step. The opossum does not usually run far, but betakes himself speedily to the first little tree he meets with, after he has found out that he is pursued. Up he goes to some thin branch above, and clings, well satisfied to think that his four-footed enemies cannot come after him; but there are the cunning bipeds too upon his trail. He is besieged in his fortress; the little tree is either bent down to the ground, so shaken that he can hold no longer, or cut down by the blows of

an axe. Down flounders Master 'Possum, and lies quite still, as if he were killed by the fall: not a sign of life in him — hands, feet, tail, all still — on his back, on his side, just as he fell. But he is only 'playing 'possum;' and the negro gourmand or experienced hunter knows the trick right well, and they soon carry him off to grace the spit the following day.

The raccoon hunt is pursued in much the same manner; but good *coon-dogs* are indispensable, and the chase takes place in the early morning. More active and more game, he gives more sport, runs faster and farther, and when brought down from his tree, shows fight, to the detriment of his canine, and sometimes his human pursuers. But 'Coon's fate and 'Possum's are both the same in the end, and the skin is the trophy of the victory.

But a Virginia marriage is perhaps the highest exemplification of the country life in this State. Form, ceremony, are abandoned, though many a good old custom still prevails. Friends, relatives pour in from all quarters: no regard is had to the size of the house or the sort of accommodation. Abundance of every thing is found, and if there be a defect, it is never noticed in the universal hilarity that prevails. Nor are the rejoicings restrained to one day! I have known them last the week, and the whole bridal party cross a broad river to renew on the other side of the water the merriment of the preceding day, with some distant friend or relation.

But enough of plantation life. We need only pause to remark that there is a class of smaller planters, who represent the sturdy yeomanry of England, from whom, in all probability, they spring, as happy probably as their richer neighbors, not so learned, but endowed with that good, hard common-sense which is the best every-day wear in the world. They have competence and ease, if not wealth, and most of them feel with the merry statesman who exclaimed: 'Give me the *otium*, hang the *dignitate*.'

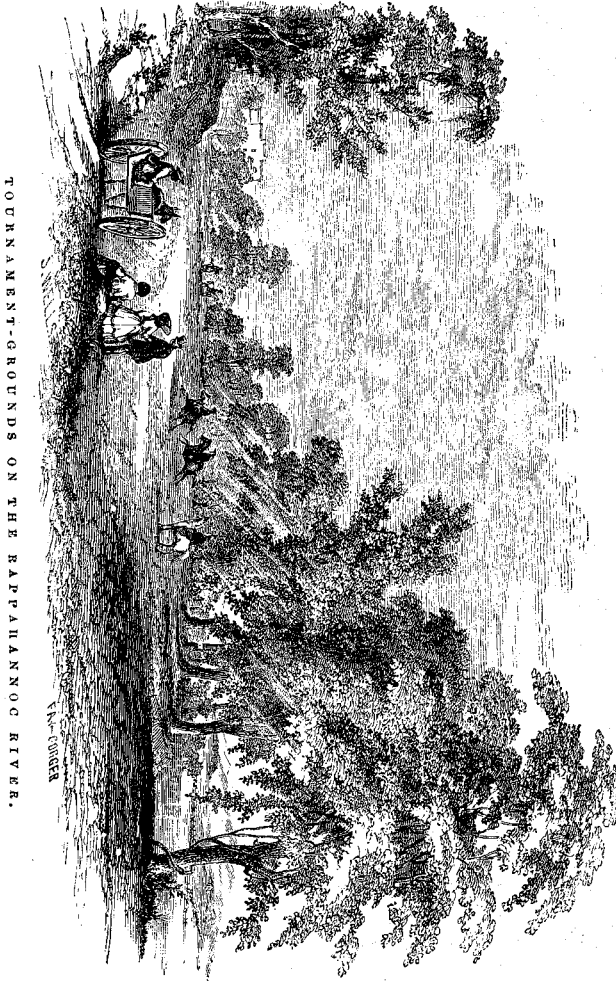
There is another phase of Virginia country life, where we do not have *rus in urbe*, but rather where the town finds its way into the country. Let us call this, Village Life. At some particular spot, the crossing of two or three roads, a rail-road dépôt, the passage of a river, or the neighborhood of a tavern, the solitary house takes unto itself a companion; another and another follow. Then must come a store, generally furnished with a vast variety of heterogeneous articles, such as hard cider and buttons, tape and butter, bacon and pins, to say nothing of needles, thread, and calico. Moreover, there is a little store of the most commonly-used medicines: tincture of ginger, hive syrup, and castor oil, a good deal of laudanum, and a barrel of whiskey. But in the constant mutations of this transitory world, the store is found wanting in some respect for the needs or caprice of the neighbors. Mrs. Perkins declares that she never can get any thing she wants at the store: 'Really, Mr. Catskin, who keeps it, should be better supplied.' In the end, down comes a rival to Mr. Catskin — 'a nice young man, just married.' He builds himself a house; and the new store is greatly patronized, especially if 'the nice young man, just

married,' adds the faculty of preaching to that of selling bobbin and other dry-goods. The place becomes popular; more dwellings are added; the tavern grows into a hotel; a bar-room gives the opportunity and inducement to drunkenness; a row or two takes place; and the magnates of the village meet together, and consult as to what is to be done. They are not at all ambitious: they would prefer being in the village condition still; but they are becoming populous; there are at least a hundred and fifty souls in the place, including women and children; something must really be done to keep order; and nothing can be done, till an act of incorporation is obtained, and the village turned into a town. Now there is not a single legislator in the whole State, who has the least objection to its being a town, the moment that it likes it: but a mighty fuss is made over the matter; the member for the district is intrusted with the passing of the measure; it is brought forward, debated, argued, speeches are made *pro* and *con*; and the inhabitants are delighted with the importance attached to their bill. At length the *measure* is carried, and the good souls obtain the right of electing their own officers, regulating their own affairs, and managing their own business as unto them seemeth good. Next comes the first election; and only fancy the dignity and satisfaction of every man, woman, child, and little dog in the *Town*. There are eight officers to be elected, seven trustees, the chairman of whom is mayor, and one sergeant, and the number of electors is eighteen. But, alas! the contest is neither fierce nor exciting. Good Virginian common-sense comes into play. A gentleman of high literary attainments, a good knowledge of law, and a house with two wings, is the choice of his fellow-citizens for mayor; and after a proportionate amount of mint-juleps, the very best men, probably, who could be selected, are named for the various offices.

It is a very curious fact, and one worthy of notice, that such in Virginia is the virtue of mint, an amount of brandy which would obfuscate the intellect if imbibed in a crude state, is so corrected and directed by the salubrious herb as to accimate the perceptive faculties. There must not be too many glasses, however; and who shall say that too many are not sometimes drank?

In the mean time, while the election has been going on, neighbors and friends have been pouring into the town of Doodledumville; the evening shades fall round; the bar stands invitingly open, and sundry minor offences are committed which might call for interference on the part of the mayor; but happily for himself and the public, he is not yet in a position to exercise his magisterial functions. But those functions must soon be exercised: municipal laws are enacted, municipal taxes are determined, and the awful face of justice is unveiled. Now, with the lady of the scales and weights, as with other people, it does not do to show her teeth without biting. Some public assemblage takes place, Heaven knows for what; Mr. Jeremy from the neighboring country gets drunk—very drunk—exceedingly drunk indeed.

He becomes pugnacious; sets mayor and sergeant and even justice of the peace at defiance; he draws a bowie-knife; cares for nobody; swears he will cut somebody's throat — no matter whose. The mayor is determined to do his duty; he will have no throats cut there. The sergeant is equally determined, and, after a stout but



ill-directed resistance, Mr. Jeremy is arrested. What is to be done with him? Heaven knows. There is neither prison, cage, nor lock-up in the whole place. There is not a house strong enough to keep in a sparrow. The sergeant cannot keep holding on to his neck all night. But a bright thought strikes the mayor. Luckily there is the rail-road hard by, and eke the tavern. The

mayor, with a grave and determined countenance, walks up to the delinquent and thus addresses him: 'Mr. Jeremy, you have committed a serious offence, which cannot be tolerated in the town of Doodledumville. You have got drunk, and misconducted yourself: you have damned the chief magistrate, cursed the trustees, and assaulted the sergeant. The majesty of the law must be vindicated. Sir, till you are sober I shall commit you to prison.'

Then responds Mr. Jeremy: 'Go to h—ll, you old coon, (hiccup.) Prison! I should like to see your prison, (hiccup;) where the devil is your prison? I care no more for you than for that nigger boy, (hiccup.) You've stolen my knife, or I'd give you four inches of steel medicine. Did n't I fight in the Mexican war? — tell me that (hiccup) — and d'ye think I care a cuss for you or your prisons? Where 's your prison? You han't got such a thing, (hiccup).'

The mayor then replies with dignity: 'Sir you stand committed! But as the whole spirit of our laws requires us to temper justice with mercy, I give you your choice, whether you will be incarcerated in the ice-house or shut up in the box-car of this depot.'

MR. JEREMY: 'I do n't care a straw. Shut me up where you like, and keep me in if you can.'

The box-car is judged preferable, and Mr. Jeremy is marched off with all the honors; but alas! for the impotence of even official will. Mr. Jeremy had not only served in the Mexican war, but he had worked on a rail-road, and the next morning the box-car is found empty, and Mr. Jeremy is 'over the hills and far away.'

Such is one phase of Virginia village life. There are others and fairer ones where the native kindness of heart and true Christian benevolence, which find no where greater room for exercise than in those small communities, are displayed in their brightest light. I must needs hurry on, however, or fail in obeying your behest.

The negro life of Virginia differs very little, I believe, from the negro life all through the South. In return for food, clothing, house-room, medical attendance, and support in old age, about one third of the labor which is required of the white man in most countries is demanded of the black. He performs it badly, and would not perform it at all if he were not compelled. The rest of his time is spent in singing, dancing, laughing, chattering, and bringing up pigs and chickens. That negroes are the worst servants in the world, every man, I believe, but a thorough-bred Southern man, will admit; but the Southerner has been reared amongst them from his childhood, and in general has a tenderness and affection for them of which Northern men can have no conception. Great care is taken by the law to guard them against oppression and wrong; and after six years' residence in the State, I can safely say, I never saw more than one instance of cruelty toward a negro, and that was perpetrated by a foreigner. That there may still be evils in the system which might be removed by law, and that there may be individual instances of oppression and even bad treatment, I do not deny, but those instances are not so

frequent as those of cruelty to a wife or child in Northern lands, as displayed every day by the newspapers; and in point of general happiness, it would not be amiss to alter an old adage and say: 'As merry as a negro slave.'

I must not pursue this branch of the subject farther, for I can pretend to no great love for Doctor Livingstone's friends, the Makololos. There are, beyond all doubt, some very excellent people among them; but, as a race, the more I see of them the less do I think them capable of civilization, or even fitted to take care of themselves.

To give any general view of Virginia country life in a brief space, is impossible, on account of the great variety of character which the various parts of the State present. It is only to be done, if at all, by separate sketches, like that which I have attempted to give of the rise and progress of a Virginia village in the east. As a pleasant *pendant* to that picture, I may give you the portrait from more western life in the State, furnished to me by a friend who knows well the district of which he speaks, premising merely that the great Valley of Virginia, stretching nearly from one side of the State to the other, is one of the richest districts that the sun ever shines upon. He may be a little prejudiced perhaps; for according to the old Italian proverb,

'Ad agne uccello
Suo nido e bello;'

but let us see what is his portrait of

THE VALLEY FARMER.

THE Western and Eastern Virginian, he says, differ as absolutely from each other as either does from the New-England Puritans. Their lineage, their tastes, their habits are directly opposite. A Valley farmer is a noble specimen of the yeoman. He has little Latin and less Greek, having derived his education in an 'old field school-house,' from a stern Scotch school-master, who was contented with hammering into his knowledge-box the three great keys to other knowledge, reading, writing, and arithmetic. But though not learned, the Valley farmer is shrewd, sensible, and refined, with just views of human affairs, generous to others, but frugal himself; industrious and attentive to business, but full of fun in his hours of leisure; a Democrat in politics, a Presbyterian in religion, and a colonel in the militia.

As you approach his residence, you will be struck with the neatness and cleanliness of his system of farming, so different from the more slovenly course pursued on a large Eastern plantation. His gates, his fences, his out-houses, are all substantial and neat. His barn is always three times as large and handsome as his house. He is hospitable without display, and you would wound his feelings to the quick, if you refused to accept it. His table is loaded with abundance, and almost every thing is the product of his own farm. Even the liquor which, though temperate as he is, he presses upon

you with no sparing hand, is whiskey, or '*Apple-Jack*,' distilled on his own or a neighbor's estate. His dress, too, is made of domestic cloth, unless on Sunday, or on some important occasion, such as court-day, election, or muster. On these, he appears with a well-kept blue coat, glittering with brass buttons, and surmounted by one of those immense, stiff collars, which belong to the style of the court of George the Third.

He hardly ever leaves home, except on the occasions above referred to, and now and then to 'the store,' where, with a few old cronies, he discusses the crops, the weather, and the news from Richmond. On Sunday,

' At church, with meek and unoffended grace,
His looks adorn the venerable place.'

But the church itself is worthy of some notice. One of the oldest of these buildings, in that part of the Valley which I have in my eyes, is built of the native blue lime-stone. It is large and substantial, and has a great antiquity for this comparatively new land, having been erected more than a hundred years ago. All the iron work, the glass, the sashes, were, they say, carried across the Blue-ridge from Williamsburgh on pack-saddles; and, situated just on the edge of a noble forest of oak, walnut, and hickory, it presents a very picturesque appearance to the passing traveller. Here, every Sunday, appears the Valley farmer, to thank God sincerely for blessings past, and pray with hope and trust for others to come.

A remarkable contrast to this quiet life of useful moderation is afforded by the watering-place life of Virginia, and as Virginia has probably more watering-places than any other of the United States, this sort of life is peculiarly characteristic of the people and the country. Some people go to watering-places in search of health, but many more go for change of scene, and still more for amusement. To the Greenbrier White Sulphur, multitudes, especially from the far South, have resorted, during the summer, for very many years. Doubtless the water of that Spring is highly beneficial in a number of cases. I cannot, however, think it so to all who drink it; and I imagine that the great amount of advantage is derived from the gay society, the fine scenery, and the pure air — not omitting to mention the enforced hardships which every visitor has to bear. But scattered over the State are springs of every quality, and the searcher for health may always find some suited to his peculiar condition. Not so those who go to the watering-places for amusement. There is a good deal of sameness in the daily life of the Springs, and the variety must be produced by the visitors themselves, and depends somewhat upon the taste and urbanity of the proprietors. The morning walk, the conventional drinking of a certain quantity of water, the idling through the hotter hours of the day, the ball at night, with flirting and coquetry, are common to all watering-places. But certainly the more substantial comfort (the good food, the comfortable rooms, the attention of the servants) varies very much. The most comfortable

Springs I have been at are the Old Swab and the Fauquier, and, as I am at the latter now, I may as well give some account of it as a good specimen of a Virginia watering-place. The house itself is one of the finest buildings I have seen in the country, large, well-built, with spacious and lofty rooms, a splendid ball-room, with large ante-rooms, good parlors, an extensive dining-room, and chambers such as can hardly be found in any gentleman's dwelling in the land. The cabins, too, are much more spacious and convenient than at most of the Springs; and then there is, stretching before the eye, down to the very valley of the Rappahannoc, that beautiful open grove, which, with its herds of fallow deer, has very much the appearance of a gentleman's park in England. The spring is one of sulphur-water, light, easy of digestion, and certainly powerful in its effect; but surely, that which does the most good is the fine, free air, the morning walk to the well or the baths in that octagon building on the other side of the grove.

After the walk, and the drinking of the waters, comes the breakfast at one of the innumerable little tables in the dining-hall; and there, every thing that the skill of excellent cooks, served with quiet but unremitting attention by well-taught servants, can do to refresh, is put before you. Oh! the mutton! the excellent, tender mutton! would that it could be had in Lower Virginia! Mutton is the favorite food of Englishmen, and a literary friend once aptly remarked, after a visit to the little island where he was received and fêted as any American *gentleman* will, I trust, always be: They ought to call my countryman 'John Mutton,' rather than 'John Bull;' for it is only when he is very much provoked, that he shows his horns.

After breakfast, comes the stroll again, or, better still, the ride: and here we know no impediments. Good saddle-horses are to be procured at any time, and in abundance. Mr. A—— is never required to stop till Mr. B—— has done his ride; but the horse is ordered, and the horse comes, so that the exercise of which Virginians are so fond, is always at hand. Games at bowls, and perhaps a little sleep, diversify the day, and then, with the shades of evening, comes the merry dance, with the best music Washington can afford.

To quiet and sober people, whose toes are neither 'light nor fantastic,' conversation, light or serious, fills up a part of this time; and happy is he who is permitted to hear the words of wisdom fall from the venerated lips of a Taney — varied, often playful, but always full of that quintessence of wisdom, common-sense. Having mentioned the name of the Chief-Justice in his favorite retreat, I cannot but remark, that two of the most remarkable men whom the United States have ever produced, have sought to wile away their leisure hours at Fauquier. Chief-Justice Marshall's cabin stands nearly opposite that of his great successor, and the good taste and good feeling of the proprietor of the Springs has left it untouched, though it does not altogether harmonize with the plan of the grounds, or the luxurious finish of the other buildings.

There it stands, however, with an empty dog-kennel at the door, and brings pleasant remembrances of the simplest but most acute of the great lawyers to which this country has given birth.

In their general outline, the amusements of Fauquier are those of the other Springs, with all those advantages which greater shade, and proximity to Washington, can superadd. One can enjoy one's self here in weather when there is no enjoyment any where else. But there is one peculiarity in the way of amusement, which must not go without notice. It is true, that what is called the Tournament is not confined to Fauquier; but where can such another tournament-ground be met with? A broad, flat arena, of several acres, surrounded by high banks, shaded by embowering trees, under which the judges and the spectators sit, would inspire to something like the ancient feats of arms, and we might expect to see the lances shivered, and the helmets dashed away, were not the age of chivalry really past. The tournament, however, of the present day, is confined to one of the minor sports of the olden time—mere running at the ring; the amusement of novices and pages. Some opportunity is afforded for the display of good horsemanship; but the really attractive part of the scene is the display of youth and beauty beneath the green boughs, and the happy faces that look on, fondly thinking that they gaze upon the sports of those chivalrous ancestors, whose deeds of gallantry and daring civilized dark ages, and gave the sublime to wars often unjust and barbarous.

I have now, my dear friend, given you what you asked, a brief sketch of my impressions of Virginia country life. Those who know it better, might have done it better, and the only value it can have, lies in the fact that it is a picture of the impressions of a foreigner. Even I may be prejudiced; for, when one has received so warm and hearty a welcome in every house, hard must be the heart, ungenerous the mind, that does not view every phase of society through a pleasant medium. I would fain have given one sketch more—that of the militia-muster; but alas! I have never seen one; and I dare not venture to go beyond my depth. I remember, in years long gone, when I was a mere lad, hearing inimitable old Mathews, in one of his 'At Homes,' describe most humorously the scene; but times have changed since then, and I little thought, in those days, that the warm-hearted kindness of Virginians, to which he did full justice, would ever be personally witnessed and enjoyed by

Yours ever,

G. P. R. JAMES.

HUMAN LIFE.

'OUR life is but a winter's day:
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed:
Large is his debt who lingers out the day
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

T H A N A T O S .

LINES WRITTEN IN THE NEW CEMETERY AT KINGSTON, MASS.

How common, how inscrutable is DEATH !
 We meet him every day,
 We see our fellow-travellers by the way
 Resign to him their breath ;
 We know he is not far from any one :
 That, ere the set of sun,
 This body he may turn to lifeless dust,
 (And brief the longest time before he must!)
 We see the child go to his out-stretched arm,
 As if it feared no harm ;
 And lusty Manhood render up his strength,
 Beauty her rose-hue, and Old Age at length
 Sink at his touch as on a mother's breast.
 Death ravages and pauses not to rest.
 But, present and familiar though he be,
 No other mystery
 Rises stupendous to the human thought
 So veiled in triple folds of darkness wrought !

And yet the Soul has seasons
 When doubt-dispelling reasons
 Come forth like stars upon the vault of night :
 Has, in its secret sessions,
 Ineffable impressions,
 Illumined with a flood of tender light,
 Making the very grave a portal bright !

Even as the bird has instincts for the sky
 Before it dares to try
 The empyrean's slope :
 So the immortal hope
 Lies folded in an instinct of the Soul !
 And clouds of unbelief may o'er it roll,
 The speculative intellect reject
 All that the Soul securely may expect ;
 And yet its very life-spring be supplied
 By that most precious hope, faithful even when denied !

Were it not so, O grave !
 We could not stand so brave
 Beside thy verge, and mark the narrow room
 Where, when this mortal mould
 Is motionless and cold :
 It shall be laid to help the wild flowers bloom.
 Were not the Soul upheld
 By inward confirmations :
 Refreshed, inspired, impelled
 By heavenly ministrations,
 Making its immortality a part
 Of present life — heart of its very heart
 The dread of utter death would surely be
 Itself death's agony !

Ever to righteous souls the voice divine,
 Above all doubts, and dangers, and alarms,
 Hath whispered, 'Peace! the everlasting arms
 Are underneath thee: cease then to repine!'

Nearer the voice and surer
 As the pure heart grows purer.
 This, through the long procession of the ages,
 Has been the stay of prophets and of sages:
 Without it SOCRATES had never spoken
 A word too true for Greece:
 And PLATO, wanting an immortal token,
 Had lacked the sought-for peace.
 But high beyond their blind and feeble gropings,
 Their glimpses and their hopings,
 A fuller measure of the truth of heaven,
 God, through His seers of purer eyes, had given:
 Heralding HIM whose perfect revelation
 Shall make His people wise unto salvation:
 Whose word celestial spans
 The seraph's duty and the humblest man's;
 Who the last foe o'ercame,
 That we, through faith in CHRIST, might do the same;
 Who died, that we the life divine might live;
 Obedience to whose law of love shall give
 Faith, confident as sight,
 And asking no more light;
 Who to the Soul's eternal needs shall bring
 All its progressive destiny can crave;
 Who takes from death the sting,
 The victory from the grave!

The grave! the bound where mortal vision ends,
 Which faith alone transcends!
 Oh! well it is life's mortal goal should stand
 Where Nature decks it with no sparing hand:
 'Mid groves, and dells, and fair declivities,
 Sacred to thought, and grateful to the eyes;
 Here Meditation fondly shall retreat,
 And measure every path with devious feet,
 Winning, ANTEUS-like, new power from earth —
 From death the promise of a second birth!
 Up through embowering trees the eye shall glance,
 Where clouds are floating on the blue expanse —
 Floating like sails that bear
 Returning spirits through our upper air!
 The oak shall wave aloft its varnished leaves,
 And waft no discord to the heart that grieves:
 These pines shall whisper only words of cheer:
 The evergreen, beneath the winter snow,
 Shall typify that inner prescience clear,
 Which, underneath all thoughts of death and wo,
 Confirms God's promise to the soul sincere.
 The little Mayflower* shall its head uprear
 (Ere yet the wintry winds have ceased to blow,)

And make the sod all sweetness where it lifts
 Its flushed corolla through the melting drifts,
 And, in these woods, ere flowers and birds are rife,
 Preach of the resurrection and the life!

* THE *epigaea repens*, sometimes called the ground-laurel, also the trailing arbutus, is known as the *Mayflower* in the neighborhood of Plymouth and Kingston, Massachusetts. It is often found blooming through a thin covering of snow, and is remarkably fragrant.

Then shall this hollow vale
 Be luminous with glory to the eye
 That looks beyond to immortality,
 Where amaranths bend before the heavenly gale !
 Then shall the soul, uplifted and serene,
 Piercing the sensual screen,
 Know that our lost ones find an ampler sphere :
 We call — they answer not — but they may *hear* !

And so shall hope be quickened, like the rose,
 From roots that find their nurture in decay ;
 So shall the sepulchre itself disclose
 A path all radiance to diviner day ;
 So shall we see in Death, as he draws near,
 No threatening monster with an upraised spear ;
 But a kind pitying angel, with a palm
 And sainted looks and calm ;
 Who, as he beckons, whispers of the dear
 Departed ones, impatient to appear,
 And lead us with our ever-marvelling eyes
 Up to the purple hills of Paradise :
 With whom it shall be ours to see revealed
 All that the mortal senses have concealed :
 To wander through the cities of our God,
 By saints and seraphs trod ;
 To have the purpose of the INFINITE
 Unfolded to the increase of our sight ;
 To find in countless worlds for evermore
 New cause to love, to wonder, to adore.

T H E R O S E .

THE Sun, who smiles wherever he goes,
 Till the flowers all smile again,
 Fell in love one day with a bashful Rose,
 That had been a bud till then.

So he pushed back the folds of the soft green hood
 That covered her modest grace,
 And kissed her as only a lover could,
 Till the crimson burned in her face.

But wo for the day when his golden hair
 Tangled her heart in a net ;
 And wo for the night of her dark despair,
 When her cheek with tears was wet :

For she loved him as only a maiden could ;
 And he left her crushed and weak,
 Striving in vain with her faded hood
 To cover her guilty cheek.

S O N N E T T O — .

THINE is an ever-changing beauty ; now
 With that proud look, so lofty yet serene
 In its high majesty, thou seem'st a queen,
 With all her diamonds blazing on her brow !
 Anon I see, as gentler thoughts arise
 And mould thy features in their sweet control,
 The pure, white ray that lights a maiden's soul,
 And struggles outward through her drooping eyes ;
 Anon they flash ; and now a golden light
 Bursts o'er thy beauty, like the Orient's glow,
 Bathing thy shoulders' and thy bosom's snow,
 And all the woman beams upon my sight !
 I kneel unto the queen ; like knight of yore :
 The maid I love : the woman I adore !

H O M E W A R D B O U N D F R O M C A L I F O R N I A .

DEAR reader ! have you visited California, or listened to a truthful description of a trip to, or from, the golden shores of the El Dorado of the world ? The voyage is so long, and attended with so many annoyances, if not actual dangers, that we never think of it as one of pleasure ; yet one cannot take a more profitable tour, if desirous of learning the good and evil of human nature. Many travel in search of knowledge the world over ; but few, however, visit California, except to retrieve a ruined fortune, or in search of *gold*. The Californians are also proverbially selfish, but where will you find on record such noble, *self-sacrificing* generosity, as exhibited on board the ill-fated 'Central America ?' Lion-hearted men perished, that those helpless beings, the women and children, might be saved. They did not leave them to their fate, as on the 'Arctic.' How great the contrast !

Now turn aside from this sad picture, and, in imagination, behold the beautiful Bay of San Francisco — the most splendid harbor in the world. Before you lies the city — a city of hills, thickly studded with small white houses — the wharfs lined with large and small vessels of every description, receiving and discharging cargoes. You see moored along-side, the commodious steamer, 'John L. Stevens,' advertised to sail. The effect is novel and pleasing.

The day of our departure is pleasant, and not so hot as you sometimes find it in June, in New-York. We are somewhat surprised to find the crowd greater than usual, and, upon inquiry, learn that a number of those distinguished gentlemen, who have

rendered themselves obnoxious to the good and quiet citizens of San-Francisco, are to be honored by an escort of the Vigilance Committee, and sent home to their friends, with strict injunctions not to return, unless they aspire to a yet higher honor.

Time speeds on ; the hour is at hand ; yet no sign of leaving. The crowd increases, and every body begins to show symptoms of impatience at the delay. The clock strikes four, and a loud cheer announces the arrival of the captain. Soon a carriage is seen driving rapidly down on the wharf ; out step two of the distinguished gentlemen, to whom we have referred ; then another carriage, and another, until the number of fourteen completes the company. They walk in silence up the plank — each one under a special escort — and several of them ornamented with very pretty steel bracelets. When asked, ‘If they will sign a paper, confessing a perfect readiness to come on board, and that they will behave properly until they reach New-York,’ they give ready assent — who would not, with the pleasant prospective of a hemp-cravat in view ? — the bracelets are unclasped ; they all sign their names ; and now we are ready to depart.

As we move out in the Bay, the loud-mouthed cannon boom out a farewell ! Now, indeed, we feel that we are homeward bound ! How many glad hearts throb with joy ! — long-absent ones returning to the loved home, to settle down in peace, and enjoy the rich reward of honest toil ! The husband, perchance, going back to his devoted wife and darling children, to return with them, and cheer his humble ranch among the mountains. All seem happy. The view from the glorious Bay is imposing. Telegraph-Hill to the left rises from the surface of the water, bristling with cannon, and surmounted by a light-house, while beyond, Angel Island looms up to the height of nine hundred feet. We pass the Presidio, and are soon abreast of Fort Point. Passing the Golden-Gate, we see Point Boneta and Lobos. On gazing back, old Monte Diablo rises up grandly from the distant waters. This is the highest point, and the most remarkable peak, of all the coast-range, having an elevation of almost four thousand feet. There is a curious old Spanish legend attached to this king of the mountains.

It is quite impossible to describe the scene of confusion on board the first night, and the ensuing day. If one happens to claim an acquaintance with the purser, and has the forethought to secure a seat at the captain’s table, he is fortunate. Not that he fares any better, only (aside from the honor) he receives a little more attention from the waiters, who dare not show the slightest neglect under the keen eye of our captain.

Among the passengers we have some singular personages ; for instance, a strong-minded woman, well known in our city — if one can judge from the glowing description of the lady herself. Next worthy of notice, is a clown — some think him ‘a jolly good soul ;’ he is constantly displaying his wit at the expense of every one around him. We have an Ex-Governor — a real Governor — not

one of those titled gentlemen, whom every body dubs as 'Governor' or 'Colonel.' We have also among us missionaries, physicians, and a worthy divine. Lastly, those fourteen professional gentlemen of different grades, from the trifling occupation of relieving the pockets of loose change, to the accomplished and talented 'Faro Dealer.' They are genteel in appearance, some of them quite fashionable, sporting a long mustache of rather singular appearance — a long, wiry appendage, with a graceful curl at the end, which seems to serve two purposes — one, the adornment of the upper-lip; the other, to keep the fingers busy, in cultivating an elongated style. But as they have signed the parole of honor, they are permitted to mingle freely with the 'upper ten' on board. The keen eye of our polite captain, however, takes note each day of their bearing.

It is really quite amusing to witness the drill of our amateur Fire Company. Out of politeness, we ladies must attend, as the most trifling amusement on board is sometimes very acceptable to break the monotony. To change the programme, now and then the fire-bell rings out a loud and startling yet false alarm; the cry of 'Fire!' is heard; up rush the firemen, with a large hose, and most manfully battle with an imaginary foe; while men labor hard at the pumps, others patrol the deck, and two are stationed near the life-boats, with drawn swords, to defend them against a rush, until they are lowered and ready to receive their precious freight.

Sometimes we have lectures. A strong-minded woman has given us one on Spiritualism: she is not only an enthusiast, but a strong devotee! Our clown follows suit, but lectures on a graver subject: 'The learned men of America!' Only think of it! On Sabbath-days, our ecclesiastical friend reads that most beautiful and inspiring service, the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church.

When the weather is fine, the evening is the most charming part of the day. The little ones have frolicked all day, and, glad to seek their resting-place, soon sleep soundly, the noise of the machinery, and the surging of the waters, soothing them with a sweet lullaby. The company gather in groups, some promenading the decks; others smoking segars; others singing home-ballads; but all happy.

Among this multitude, we must not omit to notice a gentleman, who, from his dignified mien, is conspicuous among all those who surround him. He is well known at home, and noted, not only for his wealth, but urbanity of manner, and genuine benevolence. Many will recognize his noble bearing — that frank and beaming countenance, on which the soul is stamped so plainly; in person tall, well-proportioned; dark hair and thoughtful eyes, that light up in conversation; lofty forehead; splendid teeth — the ladies pronounce him handsome; in truth, he is one of nature's noblemen, and numbers, perhaps, more warmly-attached friends than any other merchant in the mercantile community. Thanks to his great generous heart, he is one of the few who deem it a pleasure to contribute to any thing that will promote the good of others.

A phrenologist would pronounce his head worth a 'king's ransom.' He abides by his friends through evil as well as good report. Attractive as this portrait may be, it is not so beautiful as his character.

By chance, it is mentioned to this gentleman, to whom we have alluded, that there is a poor boy on board, homeward bound to die. Consumption has marked him out as a victim, and the seal of death is stamped on his white forehead. When our friend first saw him, he was walking slowly through the saloon toward the deck. The sufferer was very pale, emaciated, and rather shabby in dress; yet bore a respectable appearance. Our friend inquired his history, and learned that his name was Francis — from San-Francisco; that his brother had come down with him from the mines, given him all he had to give — money to purchase a ticket home in the steerage, and ten dollars in gold. His means did not permit him to accompany the sick brother, and thus they parted; poor Francis hoping to reach his boyhood-home before he should grow worse. Gradually his strength forsook him. Manfully he battled with the 'fell destroyer.' Sad, very sad, grew the poor sufferer's heart, and he began to fear he would die alone, uncared for, in this crowd of human beings. Is there no one to pour consolation in that distressed heart?

Mr. A—— (by this name we must designate our friend) saw how fatigued the poor boy seemed, and kindly addressed him; proposed that he should go with him to his state-room and lie down to rest, where he could enjoy the cool, refreshing breeze. The sufferer looked up in perfect amazement, doubting if he heard aright. As soon, however, as he was conscious that he had found a real friend, he sank like a helpless child, and Mr. A—— obtained the services of a young man to watch by the couch at night, and carry him in his arms up-stairs in the morning.

We reach Acapulco at ten o'clock on a beautiful evening, enter the harbor, and anchor to await passengers from the city of Mexico, six hundred miles distant. The harbor is one of the best in the world, protected on all sides by mountains rising almost from the water's edge. We gaze with admiration and wonder on the beautiful landscape before us. The moon shines in this tropical climate as it shines no where else, tinging all with an indescribable golden hue — indescribable, not that silvery brightness seen at home.

Yonder lies the city: we hear the distant shouts of the natives, see the glimmer of lights, and soon perceive the small canoes push from the shore. Hurried preparations are made by those who will avail themselves of the opportunity to leave the vessel, and once more step on *terra firma*. The river is soon dotted with a multitude of small boats. Strange, discordant sounds salute our ears, like the chattering of monkeys and parrots. We are greeted with the salutation of 'Hombre! hombre, boat!' 'How much?' we ask. 'Hombre, two dime, four dime,' is the reply — two dimes

for each passenger, being the usual rate. We must of course go with the crowd. We descend the ladder, and step into the little boat.

A few minutes bring us to the low sand-beach, and several young natives plunge in to push up our frail bark. We permit the civil boatman to take us up like dainty dolls, and place us on the dry ground.

A novel sight here meets our view. The long ranges of low adobe houses, tile-roofed and weather-stained, with latticed verandahs in front; the long line of booths, exposing for sale fruits of every description—cakes, coffee, and specimens of their handiwork, in shape of cups, curiously carved; the motley group of natives, many-hued and fantastically-attired; all these interest and delight us.

The fair and dark *Senoritas* have their hair braided in two long locks, that hang down behind, very fancifully decorated with flowers or beads; the fashionable lady wears satin-slippers without stockings. Some of them have the gaudy '*rebosa*' thrown carelessly over the head. 'Saah *Senorita*, buy?' exclaims a little dark-eyed damsel of seven summers, holding up a tiny white muslin bag. We inquire what it is. She unties the thread, and carefully empties in her dark little palm the most beautiful shells imaginable.

The doors of the queer little houses are all open, as it is a sort of holiday to the inhabitants when a steamer arrives. In all of them you will see the hammock suspended between the front and back entrance, to catch the cool evening-breeze.

T H E B R I D A L .

Once in a quiet country town,
All in the month of May,
Two lovers dreamt the sweet old dream
That haunts the world for aye.

But oft did the lilac droop its plumes,
And the sumach leaf turn red,
Oft was New-England wrapt in snow
Ere the patient pair were wed.

Time came, and the bridal roses blew,
And the robins sang like mad,
And the little brown rabbits leapt in the field,
And the summer-time was glad!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

TWO MILLIONS. By WILLIAM ALLAN BUTLER. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, 346 and 348 Broadway.

THE popular author of 'Nothing to Wear' has presented the public an epic of ninety pages in heroic verse, full of trenchant satire upon the follies of the day, and especially those characteristic of New-York society. The metre is more appropriate to the subject than the tripping dactyls of 'Nothing to Wear,' enabling the author to accommodate himself to the grave and the gay, the pathetic and the ludicrous. A genial play of humor and polished invective are alike indispensable to the satirist; and in these qualities no American poet excels Mr. BUTLER, if indeed any one equals him. The hero of the story is a certain magnificent FIRKIN, who rejoiced in the possession of Two Millions, a merchant of renown, whose name was a luminous act of credit, and whose praise was in all the banks. His portrait is drawn in a few burning couplets:

—— 'In his principality,
Worse than high treason was all liberality;
No ray of bounty, with unselfish cheer,
Threw its bright beam across that dark frontier,
Where every friendly grace of heart or hand
Was seized and forfeited as contraband.
You read it in his eye, dull, dark, and stern,
Which clutched the light, but grudged a kind return,
In genial glances, through the open day,
And with a shrewd suspicion turned away.
His hard, square features, like an iron safe,
Locked in his thoughts; no chance, unnoted waif
Of fugitive feeling, unawares betrayed
The inner man, or mental stock in trade.
The portly figure, with its solvent air,
Proclaimed to all the world the Millionaire,
His purse and person both at fullest length,
And even the higher law which he obeyed,
With all his heart and soul and mind and strength,
To love his maker, for he was SELF-MADE!
Self-made, self-trained, self-willed, self-satisfied,
He was, himself, his daily boast and pride:
His wealth was all his own; had he not won it
With his own cunning skill? There shone upon it
No grateful memories of another's toil,
No flowers of friendship graced its sandy soil,

No ties ancestral linked it with the past,
As in his hard, close hands he held it fast.

‘He had a coat of arms, a very grand one,
Bran-new besides, and not a second-hand one;
A coat of many colors and devices,
One of the kind which bring the highest prices,
Bought at a Heraldry slop-shop, where they take
One’s measure for such coats of every make,
And give the pick of all the crests and quarterings
Of ancient Barons, famous for their slaughterings,
And modern Dukes, famous — for nothing at all,
With points and bars and bearings, great and small,
Lions and unicorns, and beasts with wings,
And all the sinister bends of all the kings.
To pay his way, he thought he scarce could miss,
Into the best society, with this
Depreciated scrip of sham gentility;
And, really, the artist showed a great facility
In cleverly managing to put as much on,
As could be crowded upon one escutcheon;
Instead of flaming shield, with fancy pattern,
And golden gules, bright as the rings of Saturn,
He chose a Silver Dollar, freshly minted,
And with bold touches and designs unstinted,
Traced with all manner of mystical free-masonry,
Made it a rampant, stylish hit of blazonry.

‘His creed was simple as a creed could be,
FIRKIN believed in things that he could see;
Things that were palpable to sight and touch,
That he could measure by the test ‘how much,’
And grasp securely in his mental clutch.
He had a lively faith in the Five Senses,
They never cheated him with false pretences,
Nor put him off to doubtful evidences;
These and his mother wit were all his light —
What could be safer than to walk by sight?
‘He had been young, and now was old,’ he said,
‘But never had he seen the self-made man
Forsaken, nor his children begging bread,
Provided they pursued their father’s plan,
All through their lives, as he himself had done,
And kept a sharp look-out for Number One!’
A golden rule, FIRKIN had early learned,
And every hour to good advantage turned;
This, and such precious maxims as abounded
In that pure word of riches, wisdom, health,
According to poor RICHARD, as expounded
By Doctor FRANKLIN, in his *Way to Wealth*,
Served him for law and gospel and tradition,
And he himself their luminous exposition.
These were the fiscal lights, in whose clear ray
He could divide the Universe, straightway,
Into the things that would and would n’t pay.
By these he steered through all the straits of trade,
Where something must be risked, or nothing made;
These oft through Wall-street, with its reefs and rocks,
And phantom ventures, launched from fancy stocks,
Had brought him safe from many a hazard rash,
His compass — caution, and his pole-star — cash.

‘It was his boast, he never lost a penny,
And the old boy, the brokers would repeat,
Was quite the keenest shaver in the street.

Thus active practice kept his faith alive,
 Faith in himself and in the senses five,
 The almighty Dollar, and its powers incessant,
 In ready money and a paying Present;
 However fair, he trusted no futurity
 Which could not give collateral security;
 Some men, he knew, believed, at least professed,
 Faith in hereafters, which they dimly guessed:
 The substance, he preferred, of things possessed!

‘And yet, he seemed devout: without much search,
 You might have found, on any Sunday morning,
 His visible coach outside the visible church,
 With green and gold its sacred front adorning.
 A gorgeous coachman, somewhat flushed with sherry,
 A footman, portly with perpetual dinners,
 Waited, while FIRKIN in the sanctuary,
 With many other ‘miserable sinners,’
 Cushioned the carnal man in drowsy pews,
 Dozed over gilt-edged rubric, prayer and psalter,
 Rose with the music, looked with liberal views
 On prima donnas, never known to falter
 In chant or solo, hymn, or anthem splendid,
 And still enchanting when the chant was ended;
 Then sat or knelt, grave as the altar bronzes,
 And went through all the usual responses.

‘His politics took on the Neutral tints,
 A safe complexion for a Merchant Prince,
 Who valued Government for its protection
 To wealth and capital against insurrection.
 He thought that legislation should be planned,
 And the great Ship of State equipped and manned,
 Solely with reference to the property owners,
 Those cabin-passengers, our American Peerage;
 While you and I, and other luckless JONAHs,
 Who work the ship, or suffer in the steerage,
 He reckoned dangerous chaps, who raised the gales
 Which roared and rattled through the spars and sails.
 As for the rest, his hate was warm and hearty,
 Against all politicians and each party.
 No club or council held him in communion;
 No doubtful canvass lured him into bets;
 He never even helped to save the Union,
 Or to pay off our greatest Statesman’s debts;
 Those fields of Golden Cloth, on which, ’tis said,
 The Wall-street heroes very often bled!’

FIRKIN was childless. His wife drooped and died; but before her death, had adopted an orphan child, whom the Millionaire determined in good time to marry to some Bank-Director:

‘She was a fair New-England maiden, born,
 Not where broad fields of yellow wheat and corn
 Through sun-lit valleys wave, and gayly tinge
 The quiet homesteads with their golden fringe,
 While Nature blends their warm and genial flush
 In girlhood’s budding glow and virgin blush;
 Nor on the hill-sides of the distant North,
 Where, from the unfenced forests gushing forth,
 O’er rocky beds, sweep the swift mountain-streams,
 Whose sparkling torrent, as it leaps and gleams,
 Is kindred to the keener flash that beams
 From laughing eyes on pure unsullied faces,
 While, like the Naiads, crowned with fabled graces,
 They haunt and gladden those dark maple shades,
 Our fairer wood-nymphs, the Green-Mountain maids!

But on the Eastern shore, where the waves break
 On rocky headlands, and the night-winds wake
 The mournful echoes of the forest pines,
 Which stretch along the coast their dreary lines;
 And the sea-breezes, as they come and go,
 On beauty's cheek have left a deeper glow,
 And the eye kindles like some far-off ship,
 Struck with a sudden sunbeam, and the lip
 Wears the sad smile of those whose calmer moods
 Are nursed by Ocean sands and solitudes!

RACHEL is spurned from the door, and retires to a miserable garret where, in time, she is discovered by FIRKIN, when looking after his tardy tenants. Want of space precludes farther extracts, but the supposed death of the heart-stricken millionaire with the torn will in his hands, the premature quarrel of the heirs, the watching of RACHEL by the lonely bed-side, and FIRKIN's return to life, and the tenderness with which he afterward cherishes the lovely and faithful being he had driven from his door; these and many other touching as well as ludicrous incidents woven into the plot, have brought out the best qualities of the gifted author.

THE DUTCH AT THE NORTH POLE, AND THE DUTCH IN MAINE: a Paper read before the NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY. By J. WATTS DE PEYSTER. Poughkeepsie: Press of PLATT AND SCHRAM.

THE excellent pamphlet, briefly noticed in our July number, upon 'The Dutch Battle of the Baltic,' by the author of the production before us, will insure for it attention, and its perusal will secure for it deserved praise. Mr. DE PEYSTER says truly, (and, after all, the statement is a gratifying one, although tardily *made* true,) that it is only recently that the people of the United States have been awakened to a just appreciation of the marvellous deeds, stirring enterprise, and indomitable spirit, which actuated that glorious little nation, the Netherlands, or Hollanders, in establishing their independence. We have yet to learn how much of the world's progress is due to their example, and the practice of every manly virtue. In the course of their attempts in the Polar Seas, they found their way to our Atlantic border, and thus became aware of the advantages presented by the rich lumber districts of Maine; and made several attempts, by peaceful colonization and by force of arms, to place themselves in a position to share the prolific fisheries; the unsurpassed masting and lumbering facilities; and, at that time, the rich fur-trade afforded along the coasts and upon the shores of the rivers and estuaries of Maine, then the province of Acadie. It would seem that the Hollanders were among the earliest colonists of Maine, and at one time displayed their ensigns, victorious in all the four quarters of the globe, at more than one point of that then remote province. HENDRICK HUDSON, before he landed 'hereaway,' scraped his keel on the shores of the Penobscot, and remained a week in that bay, cutting and 'stepping' a new fore-mast, repairing his rigging, damaged by previous tempestuous voyaging, and holding frequent and friendly intercourse with the

natives. And thirteen years before this, BARENTZ, another indomitable Hollander, defied the terrors of a polar winter, and planted the blue, white, and orange stripes of the United Provinces on Spitzbergen, the most northern group of European islands, and on Cape Desire, the almost inaccessible extremity of Novaia Zemlia. To BARENTZ is conceded the honor of having been the first to winter amid the horrors of the Polar cold: deprived of every comfort which could have ameliorated the sojourn; dependent even for vital warmth on the fires which are kindled in an indomitable heart; and uncheered from the beginning to the end by the sight of, or intercourse with, any human visitors. Our lamented KANE often refers to this early Dutch navigator and explorer, and always in terms of admiration and praise. The reader of the beloved explorer's narrative may perhaps recall this passage: 'BARENTZ's men, seventeen in number, broke down during the trials of the winter, and three died, just as of our eighteen three had gone. He abandoned his vessel as we had abandoned ours, took to his boats, and escaped along the Lapland coast to lands of Norwegian civilization. We had embarked with sledge and boat to attempt the same thing. We had the longer journey, and the more difficult, before us. He lost, as we had done, a cherished comrade by the wayside: and, as I thought of this closing resemblance in our fortunes also, my mind left but one part of the parallel incomplete — *Barentz himself perished*. Dr. KANE gives BARENTZ the credit of having foreshadowed, to some extent, by actual discovery, an open sea, or basin, near the Pole. It is established, to the satisfaction of authentic writers, that the old Hollandish ship-masters penetrated through icy barriers beyond the eighty-ninth degree of latitude, and to within twenty miles of the North Pole itself. Connected with an Arctic expedition which sailed from Holland in 1594, the following anecdote is related:

'ONE incident of this voyage is so amusing, that it is well worthy repetition here. Although beaten in a pitched battle against the sea-horses or sea-cows, at the Orange isles, the Hollanders appear to have had but little conception of the ferocity and power of the Polar bear: one of which, having been wounded, they succeeded in noosing, in the idea of leading him about like a dog; and eventually carrying him back as a trophy to Holland. They found, however, that they had caught a *Tartar*; for the furious animal not only routed the party, but boarded and made himself master of their boat. Luckily for them, his noose became entangled in the iron work about the rudder: and the crew, who had been actually driven over the bows, preferring to trust themselves rather to the mercy of the icy sea, than to the jaws and claws of the monster, finding him caught, mustered courage, fell upon him in a body, and dispatched him.'

The danger and suffering experienced by BARENTZ and his men, when driven into a small Arctic haven, now known as 'Icy Port,' scarcely fall short of the hard experience of Dr. KANE and his party. Take the subjoined as an example:

'NO SOONER was the Hollandish bark within the jaws of that harbor, which they deemed a place of security, than the pursuing ice closed up the entrance, and even followed them within it, and lifting up the one end of the beleaguered vessel, threw it into an almost perpendicular position, with the other extremity nearly touching the bottom, so that it was partially submerged. From this critical and extraordinary attitude, they were providentially rescued, the very next day after it occurred, by changes in the ice-fields, brought about by the influx of fresh masses, driven in by

the pressure of the outer bergs, which soon formed a complete encompassing bulwark; and precluded all hope of ever being able to rescue the vessel, even if the crew should survive to the ensuing spring. Gradually, by jamming in of successive cakes of ice, over or under the original field, first one side and then the other of the vessel was raised by the insertion of these ice wedges beneath the bilge; until, first canting to port, and then to starboard, the groaning and quivering ship was raised to the top of the constantly-increasing ice-elevation, as if by the scientific application of machinery. While thus the minds of the crew were agitated by the ever-present dread of the instant and complete destruction of their frail bark, they were stunned and deafened by the noises made by the ice without, around them, throughout the harbor, and upon the adjacent shores. The thunder of the icebergs, hurled against each other by wind and tide, mutually crushing their mighty masses together, or toppling over with a din as if whole mountains of marble had been blown up by some explosive force; together with the creaking, cracking, and groaning of the ship itself, arising from the freezing of the juices of the timber and liquids in the hold; all this created such a *chourme* of confusion that the crew were terrified lest their ship should fall to pieces with every throe, which seemed to rack it from deck to keelson.'

Whoso pauses to contemplate the position of the mariner of Amsterdam and that of our own country's Arctic hero, can hardly fail to note the close resemblance of their situations, although occurring at epochs centuries apart: a resemblance heightened by the similarity of their vessels and crews, both as to burthen and number: a parallel more perfect than that presented by any other recent polar expedition. Like KANE and his party, BARENTZ and his feeble company braved an Arctic winter and a Polar night; and this too in a hastily-constructed hut, short of provisions, fuel, and every thing which could make their existence hopeful: all the while patient, and all the gloomy while relying with unabated faith upon the overruling care of a merciful PROVIDENCE. Every true KNICKERBOCKER should regard the Patriarch of Arctic navigators with scarcely less affectionate remembrance than that which warms his bosom toward KANE. 'A three-fold cord should bind the New-Netherlander's sympathies to BARENTZ, whose corpse, bedewed with manhood's burning tears, sleeps tombed within the Arctic Circle: his trophy, obelisk, and sepulchre the undissolving glacier and the eternal iceberg: his dirge, the howling of the polar bear and roaring of the fearless walrus, the thunder-tones of the ice conflict, and the wild music of the Arctic gale, amid the monumental ice!'

But we must bring our notice to a hasty conclusion: not, however, without yielding our meed of praise to a father-land spirit, and an unwearied, indomitable research. We are glad to learn, as we do from a friend, that our author is engaged upon another and somewhat kindred pamphlet, which will relate to the most stirring periods of Dutch history, and place in an entirely new light the greatness of the Hollanders of old times: to whom, by-the-by, England thrice owed her preservation: first, in 1340; second, in 1458; and third, in 1688: and 'what is more,' a Dutch sailor himself made one of the CÆSARS coëmpere of Rome, and sovereign of England. Is n't this 'glory enough' for a little country, which appeared so *very* insignificant to Sultan AMURATH the Third, that when told of the immense losses sustained by the Spaniards in their contests with Prince MAURICE, he remarked that had '*he* been the King of Spain, he would have sent his pioneers, and shovelled Holland into the sea?' Since the Anglo-Puritan history of the New-Netherlands has been

written, and ably written, and since that of the *Saxon Knickerbocker* remains to be written, we nominate for historian of the latter the author of the pamphlet before us : for he will exhibit the desiderated 'faithful and laborious research,' and is evidently endowed with ability commensurate with the subject, combined with the fidelity and ardor of a matured judgment.

LECTURES OF LOLA MONTEZ, INCLUDING HER AUTO-BIOGRAPHY. New-York : RUDD AND CARLETON, 310 Broadway.

THE enterprising firm of RUDD AND CARLETON have recently published the lectures of the celebrated Countess of Landsfeld, including the 'Heroines of History ;' 'Beautiful Women ;' 'Gallantry ;' the 'Comic Aspect of Love ;' the 'Wits and Women of Paris ;' 'Romanism ;' and a short but racy sketch of the singular career of the authoress, purporting to be an auto-biography. LOLA is doubtless a better woman than the world has been willing to believe her ; and her book, issued in the best style of RUDD AND CARLETON, may be read from cover to cover without the least harm. Many of her 'points' are excellent and well expressed. We select the following at random :

'The great evil of Paris is, that there is no such institution there as home : as a general fact, that sanctifier of the heart, that best shelter and friend of woman, that beautiful feeling called 'home,' does not exist. The nearest approach to this deplorable state of things, is found among the business people of the United States. I have noticed this particularly in New-York, where the merchant is never at home, except to sleep, and even then his brain is so racked with per cents, advances or depressions in prices, the rise and fall of stocks, etc., that he brings no fond affection to his family. The husband's brain is a ledger, and his heart a counting-room. And where is woman to find, in all this, the response to a heart overflowing with affection ? And this is as true in New-York as in Paris. Indeed, as for intrigues, New-York may almost rival Paris. There is no country where the women are more fond of dress and finery than in the United States ; and history shows us that there is no such depraver of women as this vanity. A hundred women stumble over that block of vanity, where one falls by any other cause ; and if the insane mania for dress and show does not end in a general decay of female morals, then the lessons of history and the experience of all ages must go for naught.'

GEORGE MELVILLE : an American Novel. New-York : W. R. C. CLARK AND COMPANY, APPLETONS' Building, 346 and 348 Broadway.

WE have in this sprightly and readable novel the first issue of a new firm in the worshipful craft of publishers. We have also reason to believe that it is the first publication, in book form, of the author. Yet many an experienced hand has written a less interesting book than 'GEORGE MELVILLE.' A great number of characters are introduced in the somewhat involved plot, but the interest is sustained to the last. The scene is laid chiefly in Central New-York. 'GEORGE MELVILLE,' we think, will become a favorite with summer tourists.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A GOOD LESSON IN 'THESE HARD TIMES.'—We incline to the belief that we have many readers in the metropolis, as well as many readers elsewhere, who will agree with us, that there is a lesson in *'A Letter to Jonathan from his Brother Samuel,'* which, especially in 'these times,' will be found worthy of heed. Let a few passages from the epistle alluded to, decide the matter. 'SAMUEL' is certainly plain-spoken, as well befits his theme:

. . . 'I HAVE learned, brother, that the crops on your estate have been large during the last year, and that the prospect for the harvest of this year is equally encouraging. I am right glad to hear it; for after the great financial storm which has passed over the land, and which has proven so destructive to so many a field of promise, it is but right and proper that we should have a brief resting-spell; that the crops should prove abundant; and that the times should become easy once more. . . . You know that when we were boys, our father scarce allowed us the sum of money in one year that your sons and daughters now spend in one week; that any habit of extravagance would have kindled 'holy horror' in the breasts of our good parents. You say, 'Times are sadly changed,' and ask: 'How will it end?' Now you know as well as I do, JONATHAN, what the *finale* will be. You know that unless you are made of gold, (I have no doubt your family think you *are*,) that you will not be able to stand it. And let me ask you, what do you want with servants in livery, and a box at the Opera, so seldom used? Your house is a sham; your equipage, pictures, and library are all shams; and *you* are the greatest sham of them all. If what I say seems harsh, recollect that it is only because it is true. It makes me sad to see in how many ways you are cheated and humbugged. I remember the time when you would sooner have cut off your right hand than to do a wrong thing; when your life might be summed up in the words: 'Honesty and Fair-dealing.' Examine your present career, and see if you can *now* justly claim that proud distinction. You have repeatedly told me in private, that you felt 'lost' in your great free-stone mansion; that the people received there were not the people you *liked* to see; that there was too much affectation, too little sincerity, in their social intercourse; that you felt ill at ease while in their company: yet you still 'keep the ball in motion.'

'You know as well as I do, dear brother, that when Mrs. JONATHAN gives her weekly Tuesday *soirées*, they are not given for the purpose of strengthening the bonds of social good-feeling with her acquaintances, but with the object of displaying her handsome house, her diamonds, her wealth; and that those who

come there, who dance, break your furniture, eat your suppers, and criticise your pictures, care not a copper for you, but only curse the luck which made you richer than themselves. Do n't you know that the moment your back is turned, young ALPHONSE DE NOBLE (your daughter VIRGINIA's beau-ideal of a gentleman, and bosom-friend of your eldest son) commences to laugh at your attempts at gentility, and pretensions to 'aristocracy?' It is a fact. Young TYTE, who is causing the vivacious Miss SIMPER nearly to explode with laughter, has this very moment perpetrated a '*bong-mot*' (as your eldest daughter calls it) at your expense. Such things as these, as I have said, make me sad. I am vexed to see a person of your naturally good sound sense so imposed upon.

'You say that such things must be, that your children may be well established in the world. Now I ask you, in all seriousness, would you like to see your daughter VIRGINIA married to young PERCENT? — especially when you shall have learned that he is a profligate, idle vagabond, who drinks, gambles, and 'sprees,' and has not one spark of manly feeling about him? . . . Your children have always been taught to feel that they were rich, and *being* rich, that there was no need of any exertion or stimulus on their part toward their future advancement. They have consequently grown up 'fine' and listless beings, who if cast upon the world to gain their livelihood by their own exertions, would assuredly fail. Now, JONATHAN, is this the proper basis upon which to build an education? When your daughters grew older, you placed them in Madame DE BOULEVERSEMENT'S 'Finishing Academy,' where young ladies were taught, as Madame's card announced, 'History; Mental and Natural Philosophy; Ethics; Mathematics in all its Branches; Chemistry; French, Italian; and all the Accomplishments necessary for a highly Finished Education:' where, after remaining three years, they were returned to you as having 'completed their education!' Now do n't you *know*, that to become really proficient in only *one* of these sciences or 'accomplishments,' would require all the time that your daughters have given to *all* of them? And what has been the result? Why, only ask your daughters the simplest question of common life, and they can't give you a rational answer. They speak French and Italian in such a manner as to cause natives of those lands to open their eyes in well-bred astonishment. And as for their musical proficiency, a musical friend has told me ('in confidence,' of course,) that 'it gave him the nightmare to think of it!' And in those very things wherein women should most excel, they are lamentably deficient. In fact, the utmost they are fit for, is to sit in the drawing-room, read novels, and talk sentiment to one-idea'd young men, and simpering misses, whose intellectual powers are on a par with their own.

'It comes hard for me to speak disparagingly of my nephews; but if the truth must be told, I never saw any other young men, in their sphere, so ignorant. To be sure, they are well versed in the mysteries of horse-racing, poker-playing, and drinking. There is your eldest son: I have no doubt you think him a model of propriety. Do you know how his days and nights are spent? I could preach you a sermon from this text, which would open your eyes. In *our* days, boys and girls were taught solid things solidly; and the consequence was, that when they grew up to maturity, they were ornaments to society: they were people upon whom you could place reliance, and with whom it was a pleasure to associate. There was more cordiality and good feeling manifested toward each other in those days than at present. In short, there was more honesty, and less dissimulation, then than now.'

For wealth well dispensed; for true art and true art-culture; for 'accomplishments,' *properly* so called; for literature, science, *knowledge*: for these,

as well as for the means of their procurement, we desire to infer that our correspondent is a not indifferent advocate.

A VOICE FROM THE 'NORTH WOODS.' — Right cordially do we welcome the new correspondent who addresses us from the far 'North Woods;' from a tangled solitude, 'where NATURE is just entering her teens of cultivated countryhood.' He evidently describes what he *saw*, and expresses what he *feels*: and our own experience enables us to testify that he does both with a rare faithfulness:

'THIS is a new country; and, like all new countries, nature and the inhabitants are in that poetically-visioned state, so captivating to the student of geography; the half-savage, half-civilized; where you miss every thing, want little, and find much. For instance, I miss the mercury at a hundred in the shade — 'shade' of cities! I miss the use of ice; but lie down to any rivulet, and drink always a cold draught. Shade! Here is shade: enter it, and the outside world seems suddenly to suffer an eclipse; but you know the sun shines there, and you know you are cool, with wood-scents about you, even at noon-day; for here moisture is perpetual. The sand and evergreens and mosses which cover every thing, appearing even in the field for the strawberries to lie on, and ferns that reach to your throat, keep the brooks cool and full; and the little venturesome trout knows it, and knows his safety here, in the slightest runnels, where he is found. He slips from your notice like a dart; yet he is autocrat of the brook. What brilliant insects are his! Large and gaudy, he attacks them with a tiger-like ferocity, and their beauty is gone. Such dainties are his; and to look at him you would almost say, he is worthy of them. What ferns bend over him! What flowers look at him to view his turtle-green back and spotted sides, and his eyes, great eyes that look forever! His floor is sanded. White and yellow and crimson roots of herbs, like the hair of Nereids, tuft his habitation. I lie and watch him for hours; note the unceasing motion of his jaws, the soft slight movement of his tail, and his tiny fin-hands feeling his element, and — splash! like a shot, spattering the drops on your face — an insect life has ceased.

'Let the tiny tribe beware of him: day and night he watches for his prey: his vigilance is unceasing. At night, often, I hear his splash, when moths are abroad. Those eyes see every thing at all times. Yes, for hours I watch him, with none to reproach the sluggard: 'in solitude there is no crime.' This sight *you* miss in Gotham. You have live fish — in your jars — it may be Trout, even: 'but you did not bring home the river and sky.' The fern scent is not in your nostrils, nor the breath from sun-lit dells of raspberries. The spruce and the larch open no glimpses of blue sky to you and at night-fall pour their odors upon you.

'One hundred FAHRENHEIT, say the papers, and many sun-strokes. Here you are almost in darkness at noon-day, so close is the net-work of leaves. Talk of sun-stroke here! This is the high ground where spring, on a mere patch of earth, most of the large water-courses of the State; on your left coursing down to the St. Lawrence, on your right to the Mohawk: in front, to the Lake George country. In this common home the Hudson has its birth: *has*, I say, for is it not constantly born, ever new? Are they not all ever new? You would say so, in witnessing this doubtful birth-place of the streams; doubtful, for they might have

changed their mind, and the St. Lawrence streams gone to the Mohawk, and *vice versa*. But the parent POWER wisely distributed them; and now we have Trenton Falls, and Watertown, and the finest trout, in the head-waters of Black River, that ever sounded the ancient music of *Salmo Fontinalis*: great black-backed fellows, the crimson-and-gold spots on their sides intense in the dark setting, with a snow-white line running through the centre of the dusky-saffron belly, the whole body shining with a bronze lustre, bright as metal!

'So much for the trout of this region: now for the water. Of all earth's water-pictures, none can approach the coves of the Black River here: secluded, smooth as glass, and black as ebony. The foliage around them is dense, the cones of the various evergreens — spruce, balsam, tamarack — conspicuous; but all softened down by the prevailing green of the maple and birch and wild mountain-ash, yet in blossom, fringing the water's edge, water and blooms often meeting. You are surprised to see such beauty: you fall in love with the extreme loveliness of nature, with these mirrors. This is the home of the trout: do you wonder at his beauty? I include the feeder (of the Black River Canal) running parallel with it. Not even the 'raging' traffic can contaminate its pure current, unimpeded by locks. What is Venice to this? Ah! I will yield to the gondolier (when I think of our own 'craft') not the canals — not even with the spell of the great misanthrope upon them — of 'Adriac's gondolier.' I am located upon the banks of this Venice for the season. I am denied every thing — so goes the prescription — pen, paper, books, newspapers; yet I now and then hear from the world. A printed leaf looks well among green leaves: it is white; we love to see white things. And then you have the world's events acting before you — human nature there in your hands. If you would value a newspaper, read it in the woods, by chance, once in a week or two, far from the advantages of intelligence. Even advertisements are welcome. It is then, if ever, that you appreciate your author.

'A thunder-storm passing over the wilderness, and you at an elevated distance to note it! This is a sight. You have heard the crash of thunder: but did you ever hear its echo in the wide forest? It is a cadence like the sound of a hundred locomotives, lessening in the distance, and extending in all directions over the forest, permeating it, dying at last in the leaf-spaces and rock-clefts.

'Of one thing here one never gets tired: the odor at night-fall; so various and blended, that I have found it only here. There are most of the evergreens, the mosses, ferns, a variety of spices, and the red raspberry, which covers every thing not occupied by the plough. You never fail to be reminded of these the moment you step out of your door; and, unconsciously, you are drawing copious inspirations. How soon a friendship is formed for your invisible visitor, conversing with so delicate a sense! What then of the morning, with the dew and the birds (now silent with maternity) and the great bright sun, and buoyancy, and freshness, with the aroma of oxygen-breathing vegetation — all in the dead forest, ever shaded, ever still: for even the soaring effulgence of the sun, the great animator, cannot wake the echoes, dormant from the creation: even in the wind and babbling of waters is silence: under all is the deep, pervading stillness. Man alone makes a noise. The neighing of his steed, the low of his herds, speak of him: not so the cry of the puma, nor the scream of the loon. This is the *silence* of the earth, as yonder the *music* of the spheres. This silence is a characteristic of the wilderness, and most emphatic to the newly-initiated.

'To-day, July the fifth, the strawberry is in its prime — long since out of season with you. Tardy is the season here, with frost, at this high elevation, in every month of the year, often: frost the last night of June, just past, and the

first of July. In winter the snow is five feet deep, driving the deer into the recesses: the fly now drives them out, and we see them repeatedly cross the clearings, usually at morning or night-fall. Shots are frequently made by the unpractised, and are unsuccessful. No *hunter* goes abroad now. And the deer are tame: you can pass them within a few yards in their coverts. Not so in winter, when the greatest care must be combined with the bullet. But the great depth of snow here is a bar to the sportsman, while it greatly aids the slaughtering pot-hunter.

'The air and the sky are purer here than elsewhere generally. Oh! the loveliness of such a sky over such affluence of foliage, having the fresh appearance of mid-June! The grass in the meadow-clearings is tender, the clean timothy contrasting with the blackened stumps, and waved by the slight July breeze, the two clovers blending their strong scents, even at noon-day. Here nestle strawberries unmatched, at least in quantity; tall stems with large fruit, picked but one. They are every where; every body uses them; and the consequence is, they are select, fully ripe, served (partly from necessity) without cream or sugar, and I sometimes think it an improvement. But the berry must be ripe, thoroughly ripened *in the sun*, till it reaches that point of 'dissolving nature' which makes it nectar, so well appreciated by the ant. The insect is a test. Then sugar fails to improve: and the flavor, the aroma of a ripe strawberry! — you touch it only to injure it: you cannot improve it; improve the most exquisite flavor by the product of the dairy? It will do to aid an unripe berry. We 'season' our food too much, I fear. Habit is potent: equally so when applied to simplicity of food, as one at least can testify from experience. Have I (unintentionally) wearied you?

'F. G.'

THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY. — A correspondent of the *Richmond (Va.) 'Whig'* pays a high and well-merited compliment to the *New-York Historical Society*. The writer should also have visited the *Astor Library*, one of the noblest and most complete institutions of its kind in America: and which, under the capable supervision of Mr. Cogswell, is constantly enlarging its rare and precious acquisitions:

'THE New-York Historical Society is one of the oldest and most successful of the many Historical Societies of America. Its success has depended mainly upon the energy and activity of the gentlemen most prominent in supporting it. It has gone forward under the management of such men as Governor BRADISH, Mr. FOLSOM, Dr. HAWKS, Dr. FRANCIS, Mr. MOORE, Mr. BRODHEAD, Mr. SCHELL, and many others of distinction, until it stands far, far in advance of any similar institution in the country. A wonderful instance of perseverance and success was manifested in the erection of the new Library Building for the Society, on the corner of Twenty-first street and Second Avenue, an edifice which is an adornment to the city and creditable to the whole country. The building was commenced without one dollar, it was prosecuted without interruption, and in about two years from the date of laying the corner-stone, it was opened with great ceremony! And what do you suppose was the entire cost? Upwards of eighty thousand dollars! This is an instance of energy and enterprise, without a parallel in the whole country. The building is faultless in every respect. It is one of the most interesting and elegant places to visit by strangers in the city. The question may be asked by some of my Tuckahoe friends, how they manage to keep up the interest. I will tell you. Once a month there is a regular meeting; the halls, gallery, etc., are thrown open and brilliantly lighted, so as to afford opportunity to examine the fine gallery of portraits of distinguished Americans; an interesting paper or two is read, the ordinary business transacted, and then the Society adjourns. The entire audience, embodying generally the representatives of the literary society of New-York, with many ladies, repair, by invitation of the President, to a large hall, where an appropriate entertainment awaits them.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have lately come into the possession of a rare literary performance; a production such as is seldom met with, in our present era. It had its origin in Great-Bend, Tennessee: and is entitled '*The Romance of Reform*:' its author, EDWIN H. TENNEY. With the aid of the excellent friend and time-honored correspondent from whom we receive it, let us proceed briefly to consider its extraordinary claims upon the wondering admiration of our readers. 'Dictionary JOHNSON,' 'Rambler JOHNSON,' 'Rasselas JOHNSON,' 'Hebrides JOHNSON,' once wrote a tract entitled, 'Taxation no Tyranny.' Great writers, like himself, more especially those who flourish now-a-days, are often said, by a figure of speech, to tax the powers of the English tongue, or to 'wreak their thoughts upon expression:' CARLYLE, for example, who cannot be bored by what is American, more than we are by his English. Some, like CARLYLE, are said to have 'a despotic power over language.' It is, however, no tyranny, but rather an attempt at the same: because the great Republic of Letters, before tolerating any such Act, by GEORGE, or any body else, will first throw all its T's overboard, whether in possession of the said THOMAS, or TENNEY, or TITTLERAT TITMOUSE. To set constitutional law at defiance, and to levy arbitrarily on the capabilities of that great store-house whose treasures have been laid up by our forefathers for the necessities of all, is done in various ways, some of which we may mention. *Imprimis*, by a sort of sequestration of epithets, turning them away from their original sense, and slipping them into a new collocation: which, when ingeniously effected, adds grace to style, and is a practice alluded to in the '*Ars Poetica*' of HORATIUS. Again, our 'Mother Tongue' is taxed: but this is called 'murdering the King's English,' by straining its flexibility, or by an art of re-coinage. This was done in old-fashioned times by Mrs. SLIPSLOP, (who had a tongue of *her own*, which she exercised with great *control*, not in the sense of controlling it,) in JOSEPH ANDREWS, when she used frequently to say, 'I am *confidous* that JOSEPH,' etc., etc. Those excellent ladies, Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM and Mrs. PARTINGTON, may be referred to, in illustration of the same. Some members of Congress even now might be mentioned, if we could think of their names: one especially, whose private letter was recently indecorously published — politicians, it seems, having little delicacy in such matters — for its violations of the English tongue, very properly took up the pen in his own defence: 'I *writ* it,' said he, (a form of expression a little antique, but to which no exception can be made,) 'I *writ* it, but it is d — bly *mucilated*!' We have some poets among us also, who, intending to be most exquisite, lay a tax on the dictionary for all the poetical words which it contains. Poetry, it is well known, has its own distinct *verbiage*, without which it can neither be crystalline, diaphanous, nor luscious: its darling pet syllabifications; 'its lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon:' nor have common words availed even a single fig, except in such compositions as GRAY's Elegy, and the poems of ROBERT BURNS, now pretty well out of date, and buried in the hearts of those who have read them. We have read a little book of poems by a Mr. CHIVERS, (what a crisp, sparkling name!) which is a casket overbrimming with the most incomparable gems that ever sparkled in HEAVEN's light. The author re-

marks in his preface, which is itself a prosaic bewilderment of all that is most precious in the verbal domain: 'As the diamond is the crystalline Revelator of the acromatic white light of HEAVEN, so is a perfect poem the crystalline revelation of the Divine Idea. There is just the difference between a pure poem and one that is not, that there is between the spiritual concretion of a diamond, and the mere glaciation of water into ice. For as the irradiancy of a diamond depends upon its diaphanous translucency, so does the beauty of a poem upon its rhythmical crystallization of the Divine Idea.' We concur with the author in these views, although we never had the power to express them. A single verse from Mr. CHIVERS, which is all we shall quote, as we would not violate the copy-right, will show that he does not lay down principles by which he is not himself guided:

'On the beryl-rimmed rebees of Ruby
 Brought fresh from the hyaline streams,
 She played on the banks of the Yuba
 Such songs as she heard in her dreams.
 Like the heavens when the stars from their eyries
 Look down through the ebon night air,
 Where the groves by the Ouphantic Fairies
 Lit up for my LILY ADAIR,
 For my child-like LILY ADAIR,
 For my heaven-born LILY ADAIR,
 For my beautiful, dutiful LILY ADAIR.'

There is immortality in these verses, unless immortality is 'a figment.' Many of our writers are wont to press all the *sesquipedalia verba* into their compositions, leaving nothing but paltry monosyllables to others. But notwithstanding this immense drain, the great well of pure English undefiled is abundant for common use, or extraordinary occasion. On some Fourth-of-July's we have thought that it would be exhausted of epithets: but there are plenty more when any great effort is to be made; as is always the case in our winter lectures; for we have heard no lectures for some years past which were not too great for their topics, while we hardly know of any topic great enough for such treatment. We have sometimes written with a pen made from an eagle's quill, but according to the 'Romance of Reform' we must hunt about for the pinion of an Archangel. The pamphlet is a perfect cataract of forensic eloquence. It was requested of its accomplished author for publication by the young gentlemen of Great-Bend, and characterized in their note as both able and eloquent. We did not extend our western journey so far as that locality: but it is at one of those sudden turning-points of the great Mississippi, which go by the name of 'Bends,' as for instance, 'Little Bend,' 'Big Bend,' 'Shirt-Tail Bend,' etc. It is no wonder that those on such a bend should be proud for their Tenney-see, with such an orator 'in their midst.' To speak as he has done, in an obscure place, is an absolute waste of verbiage. If that oration had been delivered in New-York or Washington, or in any other place where *savans* are congregated, there is no roof which would not have been torn off by the most thundering acclamations: but in such an audience as must have been found at the 'Bend,' it is not probable that there was a single individual who understood it. A prouder vindication of the capacities of the Anglo-Saxon tongue does not exist than in the sonorous periods of this magnificent composition. Although it is a little too metaphysical for our taste, (which, from the

preceding remarks, it will be seen is a very plain one,) and its richness of language is so great, as we are borne along on its voluminous swell, that we hardly pause to take in the ideas; yet we would not invidiously detract from merits which have no parallel in the whole range of classic oratory. In proof of which, let extracts be submitted to a candid world. In his second division, he says:

'ROMANCE of Reform being revolutions commenced in the fanciful bounds of human probabilities, without recognizing the standard of national worth, which are effectuated by convictions ever accompanying a distorted fancy is *ethically unwarrantable*. The commission it arrogates, the aggression it fosters, or the cogency it wields can not vaporize its resentment or mitigate its severity. If you indorse its authority you must ratify its prowess; if you descant on its efficiency you must concede its usurpation; if you file off its acerbity you must christianize its resentment; and if you analyze it, nothing but the cold equity of retaliation will dissolve it. It is then that the casuist ashamed at vindications of reform from wonder and curiosity opens his immortal scroll. He reads in vain of a JONAH leaving in penitence his oily cavern for the dreaded rebels beyond the sea: no waving flag or booming cannon hailed his resurrection; no martial band or Hebrew brother proclaimed his welcome, ere he announced with stirring eloquence their awful doom. He reads in vain of ELIJAH with his mantle dividing the Jordan; to his son bequeathing his spirit, and to the grinding teeth of the forest he resigns his scoffers, to be wafted by steeds of fire to mansions of bliss. He reads in vain of SAMSON with his fatal jaw and fire-brands entering upon that reform for the sake of which he lost his sight, and was bound in brass; for the sake of which he was robbed of strength and laughed to scorn; and for which he laid down his life in that temple whose massive columns he was hugging when its bellowsings were lost mid dying howls!'

Contrast with this clear exposition, the 'puffing arrogance' and 'nimble hopes' which 'no theodolite can span' of a pseudo REALITY, 'oscillating' mid etherealities,' and 'things of that description, of that sort:'

'REALITY to the student tumbling the lumps for a whiskey toddy, and reforming his class-mate by holding his head; reality to the savage picking the leeches from his crural net trappings to reform by their bites foul-blooded humanity; reality to the gambler pickling his dice in infamies bottles to throw double sixes from romance his bowl; reality to the sailor trifling with the whirlpool on lifes' giddy ocean to be wrecked with the waves for his feelingless home; reality to the warrior tossed by the rockings of times furrowed billows to garnish his sabre, with romance his goal. To some this stands to our theme as the marrow to the bone, as the setireme to the beetle, their motor and major: as the cloud by day and pillar of fire by night to the host of ISRAEL in the ancient wilderness.'

If our orator is grand in his lingual displays, he is sublime in the figurative department. Listen to his illustration of an 'unyielding aspiration.' We commend the passage to the especial attention of our rail-road friends:

'It may answer as the *wood* to death locomotive; but oil and water are lacking. This oil and water, the worm-wood of their hopes, and gall of their fears, are a nullity to their commodities of inseparable fruition; they are the clergymen in their paradise of intoxicated bliss; they are the cholera in their summer of vigorous bloom. To the *true* patron it is a pacificator which checks the cries of restless frenzy, mounts the waves of battered grief, and stems the tides of error. They would feed death's locomotive with oil and water; and when with nimble wheels, limber joints, and snorting pipes, it is fired for the track of glory, as the draw-bridge of life is closing, they would fly for the glassy portals; and when with shivering fear, aching hope, and pallid cheek, they approach mortalities Junction, they would join the express of Jordan, and having entered immortalities depot, they would wrap them in the icicles of deaths cold mantle, and lay them in the grave-yards of endless wo.'

The entire address is more Miltonic than MILTON, more Byronic than BYRON, more Websterian than WEBSTER, and more transcendental in its obfuscated didactics than all three of them put together: and if the author will send us the pen with which it was written, though made of a common goose's quill, we will

have it set in gold, and encased in a casket of porphyry. The 'Romance of Reform' is a good subject. May we suggest to the eloquent author, as another suitable theme for the expenditure of his genius, at such time as he shall leave the Great-Bend — where he may take our word for it he will never be appreciated as he should be — THE REFORM OF ROMANCE, so as to 'reform it altogether?' Masculine authorities are fast protruding it into the ground-work of elaborated immoralities, absorptive of adult progressiveness, and of adolescent proclivities, not only excoriating to the mental aliment, but actually deterrent to the fine-strung fibres of the moral sensibilities, while a febrile action discovers no prophylactic in all the range of its prolusiveness, and no diuretic in all the conglomerations of its pseudo-philosophical arbitraments. Feminine parlaversations have not meliorated, on the other hand, the prostrating tendencies of its engendered corruptibilities, nor modulated the twang of its harping philanthropies. It is HYPERION to a satyr. Let Mr. TENNEY dissect and cauterize it to the very depth of its amphibious volubilities, tracing it through all the streams of its arterial circulations, and gerrymandering it into all the procreativity of its diurnal vicissitudes. From HYLAX to ALDEBORONDEFOSTIFORNOSTICOS, let him sway it into the category of diluted immaterialities, and sweep it as with the wing of a Gorgon into the boiling abyss of demolition. Then shall we have a literature which the country may be proud of, and orators who will enchant us like the wand of a JULLIEN. We have done: our eliminated extractions, above promulgated, with prelude and intermingled commentarial scintillations and idiosyncrasies, 'it is hoped may please.' - - - 'NEAR the office where your dainty 'TABLE' is monthly spread,' writes a welcome town-correspondent, 'is the business-place of the King of the Shoe-dealers. Years ago, when living at Milford, not half as rich as he is now, and of course not half as respectable, he went to a militia-training at Wooster. The Maine Law was not thought of then in the 'Bay State,' and the liquor circulated freely. Our friend entering into the spirit of the scene, 'treated' every body — himself not excepted. Two or three days after, he returned to Milford, and putting a bold face on the matter, walked into Deacon T——'s shop and cried out: 'Well, Deacon, I made one hundred and fifty dollars by going to Wooster!' The strong Yankee curiosity kept back the solemn lecture in store; and looking at him, as his appearance gave more signs of an aching head than a full pocket, the Deacon asked, 'How?' 'Why,' said the returned prodigal, 'I had a spree worth two hundred and fifty dollars, and it only cost me a hundred.' (He does n't take account of stock in that way now-a-days.) Speaking of this: there are some 'hard cases' in that same shoe-trade. A large dealer, not celebrated for much piety, lives over the East River, in one of those 'Places,' so numerous in the 'City of Churches.' An effort was being made to erect a church for the poor, and a gentleman, ignorant of his character, called on him for a subscription. Being ushered into the parlor, conversation upon the weather and business was quite lively for a few minutes, when the subject of the visit was named, and the subscription-book presented. He took it, and looked at it anxiously; then hastily paced the floor two or three times, ending by thrusting the book back into the hand of the astonished solicitor of charity, saying as he did so: 'No! — won't give a red cent; there an't half as many people go to h—ll *now* as had ought to!' Rather a singular reason for declining to take stock in a meeting-house! Do n't you think so?'

Apropos of the *locale* of the subject of the foregoing anecdote, (the Leather Mart of the Great Metropolis,) is this tribute to '*The Swamp*,' which we clip from the '*Evening Post*' daily journal. We have a shrewd suspicion as to who is the author, but we will insinuate naught 'at this present writing.' '*THE SWAMP*,' a name well known to all old residents of New-York, and not unfamiliar in business circles, is a region which Jacob, Cliff, Ferry streets, and the easterly part of Beekman and Frankfort streets, traverse. Within twenty-five years it was covered with tan-yards, and it is still the head-quarters of the hide and leather trade. The high commercial character of its business people is well indicated by the lines which ensue. In earlier times it was called '*BEEKMAN'S Swamp*.' Some of the oldest and most genial of our friends are business-residents of this locality; and not a few 'good things' have found their way thence to our readers. Forgather for half an hour with L —, or the P —s or Y —, or F —, and it will 'go hard' but you shall be made the recipient of much that is worthy of remembrance. There, in that same '*Swamp*,' are men whose liberal purses, conjoined with refined and educated tastes, have done as much for art as any others in Gotham. There, too, are the open-handed benefactors of our public charities; and eke captains of '*Centurians*,' '*Column*'-nar supports, and old '*Sketch-Club*'-ers, honored and honoring alike. A great '*institution*' is '*The Swamp*,' and greater still the *Swampites*:

'*THIS* is the *Swamp*. On maps of old
New-York
'Tis laid down '*Beekman's Swamp*,' and
Beekman-street
Runs through it now. The Leather Trade
has here
Its home; and piles of '*Sole*' and '*Upper*'
fill
The shops, into which mild cart-men back
their drays,
And swear the while not much. Preten-
tious stores
Are absent here. The men and their
demesnes
Do wear no airs: and Broadway swells
come here
But rarely. Yet, I like the place and
men:
And, on my way to printers GRAY and
HARPER,
And the seldom-coming CLARK, who
writes
The KNICKERBOCKER, this leathery maze
I thread content; and meet the men in
scores
Whose notes are good as gold: who with
good sense
Have made their money, and whose money
has
Not made fools of them. Financially they
Are solid and substantial men,
But, for the most part, corpo-*really* slim:
In this unlike the '*solid men* of Boston,'
Whom I've seen shake the flags State-
street along,
With slow fat tread, and swinging sweep
of watch-seal:
Withal a little wheezy in the breath.
This sort of men i' the *Swamp* would go at
what
They're worth, and not at Boston prices.

'The HARPERS have encamped
Hard by, behind the printing-house of
GRAY,
And vex the quiet air with noisy hum
Of presses, which print their *Monthly* in
its course,
And *Civilization's Journal* also:
They're scarcely held as regular denizens
Of the old *Swamp*, but squatters only on
its outer marge,
Who may, perchance, by long behavior
good,
Get rank among the favored of that ilk,
And come to be directors in S. KNAPP'S
Mechanics' Bank. Smells multifarious
Herefrom ascend to Heaven. Of which
the chief,
The scent of honest commerce, breathes
i' the breath
Of ruddy sole-leather: and next to this,
And far more questionable, the odors
strong
That rise from hides of all sorts, fresh and
dry,
Of cattle wild and tame, as well the beasts
That frisk upon the Pampas of Brazil
As those that come athirst, close-packed
and hot,
Over the wide-gauged Erie, killed on
Bergen Hill,
Or sold at the Bull's Head, whereof there
is a bank
And three-cent stages upon Avenue Third.
Other smells there are, and smells of
power, that rise
From gutters which the Croton Board de-
cline
To wash; where Celt and Teuton, sallying
forth
From basement and high story, eke spill
slops

Upon disgusted cobble-stones. If so be
New-York were governed, things of this
sort had ceased,
But ah! New-York shall know no govern-
ment
Till thieves shall throng no more the City
Hall:
When *that* shall happen, the good MACKAY
may write
One soft song more about the *Good Time*
Come.
Till then, the God of Leather, if in the
heathen
Pantheon such there be, as o'er the Swamp
He bends, his spot of chief delight, content
Must be to smell, with scent of hides and
rats,
The reeking fumes of foulest water, and
the fumes
Of vegetables in rank decay; such as
Impatient hucksters fling, at lowest rates,
To male and female Celts, and Teutons too,
Who, on the nights of Saturdays, do seek
The cheapest stalls of Catharine and
Fulton:
They are there in crowds, and reek of
onions.

'One solitary tan-yard still
Holds place, in Frankfort near to Pearl;
survives
Its long-gone fellows, and has rats in
which
The earliest Dutchman might have looked.
No doubt fair pattern 'tis of all the rest,
Which New-York's northward tread hath
pressed
Beneath the soil that grew too dear for
tan-yards.
The antiquary who examines it
Will with care of course regard the Big
Dog, which,

If common phrase be true, abides in tan-
yards.
Of such a strong-jawed beast the nip is to
Historic search unfavorable, and his
teeth,
Well set in calf, or higher up, are apt
To 'mind us of the things that are, rather
than
The things which may have been.

'On lanes and corners near the Swamp,
th' Iron Trade
Has found a home; and names that there
on signs
Are seen, are heard in blacksmiths' shops.
Of these
A part are colonists from houses British;
O' their clerks, some cockneys are, (you'll
hear them as you pass,)
Who drive their hoooccupations with an *h*—
Their 'orse without. Th' iron-mongers
are *near* the Swamp,
Not *of* it. Many trades and crafts have
pitched
Their tents upon the busy margins of this
seat
Of thrift. But those, the men I've
spoken of,
Whose notes are good, noble in that they
ply
Their calling with an honest pride, and
are
Too proud to 'sink the shop'—these
men ignore
The neighboring trades that girt them
round about,
Cling close to the bosom of their leathery
field,
And keep unwavering trust in that
Wise speech, and old, which saith, in all
the world
'There nothing is like leather.'

'Leathery good,' as the song goes. - - - ALL the land-and-watery way from
distant Tennessee cometh the following: 'I heard just now a sharp criticism
upon a prosaic lecture, which may serve to supply a little of the 'attic salt'
which gives seasoning to so much that is found on your monthly 'Table:'
Professor K—— last night delivered, in one of our churches, a lecture before
the 'Young Men's Christian Association.' The performance was of course the
subject of remark at our book-store this morning. The wag of our circle de-
clared that, in behalf of Professor K——, he had a quarrel with Dr. McM——
and the Rev. Mr. H——, who had occupied the pulpit on the previous even-
ing in conjunction with the lecturer. Of course he was interrogated as to the
nature of the offence committed by these two worthies, who, it should be known,
are personifications of gravity and decorum. 'Why,' was the response, 'the
Professor's lecture was written on loose sheets of foolscap, which he divided
into two piles, passing each sheet as he read, from one to the other: and (would
you believe it?) Dr. McM——, sitting behind the speaker, filched every sheet
as it was laid aside, passed it over to Parson H——, and he in turn added it
once more to the pile of manuscript before the Professor, who, all unconscious
of the trick, again inflicted its perusal upon the audience. 'Humph!' exclaimed

one of the auditors, 'I *thought* there was some repetition in the remarks!' 'Ah!' said another, 'that might have been very good sport to their reverences, but it was death to 'the frogs' in the pews!' By the by: 'Speaking of lectures, reminds me that 'Parson JACK,' a colored celebrity of this 'ilk,' intends to enlighten this community by a lecture on '*Missions*,' as he says: missions generally: admissions, omissions, commissions, permissions, and intermissions.' - - - If any one of our readers, male or female, young or old, has at any time considered it within an 'honorable province' to sneer at '*Old Maids*,' and to bring reproach upon their class, let him or her draw near, and peruse this sketch of '*Aunt Sally*,' who, we may presume, is only an exemplar of thousands of the great fraternity to which she has the honor to belong:

'As I repeat the name of 'AUNT SALLY,' a vision of the neat old lady in a muslin cap of spotless snow, surrounding a face beaming with kindness and a-glow with good humor, rises before me. A black apron is tied neatly about her waist, from beneath which fall the graceful folds of a dark bombazine frock, containing an immense pocket, which to us children is a perfect marvel; the teeming store-house whence issue the most delightful candies and raisins, fennel and caraway in abundance; the prettiest little cookies, with seeds in them; together with all the appurtenances of a doll's wardrobe. But I need not enumerate: any one who has ever had an 'Aunt SALLY' (and I do pity the one who has not!) knows as well as I what that wonderful magazine contained. And yet, even in our younger days, Aunt SALLY's charm lay not so much in her pocket — a perfect *cornucopia* though it were: the generous heart looking out from that dear face, with peculiar tenderness, on the little ones, was the true magnet.

'Now as I pretend to give a faithful sketch of this good Aunt of mine, there is a word which must be spoken: she was and is an OLD MAID. She is my Grand-mother's sister, and loved my mother as if she were her own child. She would often say to her, by way of advice: 'Never be in a hurry, EMILY, to marry: a *good* husband is worth waiting for; and if you get a *bad* one, you will have quite long enough to live with him.' It has been suggested by a mischievous belle cousin of mine, in her curls and teens, that she may yet live in anticipation of the advent of her liege lord: but I *know* 'Aunt SALLY' has never indulged in any melancholy sentiments upon that subject.

'I do think, of all the exhibitions of ingratitude in the world, one of the greatest is that of deriding unmarried ladies of 'an uncertain age.' *The Old Maid!* What a void would there be in the world without her! Who covers all the balls for the boys, and dresses all the dolls for the girls? Who turns aside the rod of correction from the little culprit, with the assurance that she knows 'he did not mean to do any thing out of the way?' Who mends the ugly rents in new dresses, without letting 'mother' know any thing about them? Who 'do n't believe sugar-plums hurt children,' and always knows where the sweetmeats are? Who knits warm stockings for poor little ones, and lends a cheerful helping hand on every busy occasion? Who arranges the bridal dresses? — and who so faithfully watches by the bed-side of the sick, or smooths the pillow of the dying so tenderly?

'Aunt SALLY's home is an old neat, trim, white Connecticut farm-house, nestling beneath the shadow of tall elms with graceful sweeping branches. There she lives, where she always *has* lived, with a bachelor brother and maiden sister. My earliest recollections picture forth the ancient mansion, with all its attractions,

so fascinating to my budding childhood. The pantry abounds with delicacies never to be found elsewhere. The kitchen rejoiceth in a bright rag-carpet and fiddle-back chairs. The garret is rich in relics of by-gone years. In the barn we tossed the hay, and hunted for eggs; in the farm-yard the chickens flew to eat from our hands; and in the brook at the foot of the hill, we sailed our tiny boats, or fished with a tin cup tied to a pocket-handkerchief. How vividly all these scenes glow in my memory! Those who have not yet forgotten the joys of childhood, can appreciate 'Aunt SALLY,' with her kind face and gentle words. She stands ever near, ready to help on my happy sports. She lives yet in the old place: and although eighty-one years have stamped their impress on her brow, and cast their frosts upon her hair, she is still just as happy, and her heart bounds just as cheerfully, if not as lightly, as when in by-gone years *my* mother sought *her* side for sympathy in *her* childish sports, or poured into her tender bosom her childish joys and sorrows. Who enjoys more love on earth than 'Aunt SALLY?' and who with her noble self-forgetfulness and broad mantle of charity, has a brighter prospect of happiness in the 'Land of the Hereafter?'

If it be indeed 'A School Girl' who sends us the foregoing, 'Aunt SALLY,' if she be yet in the land of the living, will surely appreciate the heart-warm tribute: as will many another 'Old Maid,' who has '*seen* the time, when she was as good as ever she was.' - - - We find in this morning's papers the sad announcement of the death of our old friend and contemporary, WILLIAM T. PORTER, of '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*.' Mr. PORTER has not been in good health for many months: and although apparently in no critical situation, it was yet evident to his friends, from the paleness of his face, and the clear watery-blue of his failing eyes, that his days were not long in the land. WILLIAM T. PORTER was a kindly, courteous, generous GENTLEMAN. 'I have wintered and summered with PORTER,' said the lamented INMAN to us one day, not long before his death, 'and I know that a truer or more generous spirit does n't exist among us.' And this will be the cordial testimony of all who had the pleasure well to know the lamented deceased. From an obituary in the '*Times*' daily journal, we take the annexed life-sketch and just tribute to his memory:

'TWENTY-SEVEN years since, Mr. PORTER started a paper, devoted to field-sports, racing, hunting, fishing, and the like, called *The Spirit of the Times*. Its success for some time was doubtful: but the energy displayed by its editor, and the talent which he engaged in its pages, soon gained it a wide and ultimately a permanent reputation. Mr. PORTER (who was a native of Vermont, born in 1806,) was the second of four brothers, who were all distinguished for their literary ability. His eldest brother, Dr. T. O. PORTER, about the year 1845, in connection with Mr. N. P. WILLIS, started a weekly paper called *The Corsair*, which did not meet with the success it merited. Another brother, GEORGE PORTER, connected himself with the New-Orleans *Picayune*, and died in that city. After his death, a still younger brother, FRANK PORTER, previously connected with the revenue service, repaired to New-Orleans to supply his place, but fell sick there; and after a voyage to Europe, in search of health, returned and laid his bones by the side of his brother. Of all the family, only the subject of our present notice survived. He had been assisted by his brothers in the establishment of his paper, and had also enlisted the best talent of the country in its aid. *The Spirit of the Times* obtained a reputation second only to that of *Bell's Life in London*. Its circulation extended to England, India, and Australia, and was distinguished in those countries for the originality of its articles, especially those devoted to the field

and river-sports of the Western world. For twenty-five years Mr. PORTER devoted his attention to this paper, and retiring from its management about three years ago, started on September sixth, 1856, another publication of a still higher character, but devoted to the same interests, which he called *Porter's Spirit of the Times*.

'Mr. GEORGE WILKES was his coadjutor in this enterprise, which, from the first, commanded public attention, and speedily became a decided success. For a few weeks past, Mr. PORTER was unable to write more than a simple paragraph for each number of his paper. The work which he had in hand, and to which he intended to devote himself, was a biography of his friend, HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, (FRANK FORESTER,) whose melancholy suicide, about two months ago, must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. He had been gradually failing for three or four years past: when, on Thursday of last week, he was seized with chills, repaired to his bed, and never after left it. Mr. WILKES, and other friends, remained with him during his sickness. His last words were: '*I want to go home.*' He died without pain, unconscious of the presence of those who were gathered about him. Few men have had truer and warmer friends, and fewer men have deserved them more. WILLIAM T. PORTER, it is scarcely too much to say, was beloved by all who knew him. His tongue never uttered a word of scandal. Two or three times in his life it has been his lot to differ with some of his acquaintances: but never, although he ceased to communicate with them, was he known to censure them.'

His funeral, on the afternoon of the day on which the report of his decease reached our country-sanctum, was solemnized at St. THOMAS', after the beautiful service of the Episcopal Church. The edifice was crowded by friends of the deceased, who desired to honor his memory, as they had honored him while living. Rest in peace, gentle and endeared Spirit! - - - LIKE unto THACKARAY, who fell dead in a never-to-be-forgotten love with a Hibernian wench 'a-scouring of her kettle' in Skibbareen, our Mobile bard has 'fallen a-flame' touching a certain '*Maiden at the Well*,' in years gone by. He 'lets on' how it was:

'T WAS on a sultry, summer day,
I asked for drink; she gave it me:
'T was but a simple act,' you say,
And so, no doubt, thought she.

'Long, weary years have passed since
then,
And all their various changes wrought:
I've striven with my fellow-men,
As every true man ought.

'I've mingled in Life's stirring scenes;
I've heard the glorious shout of MARS,
And breathed the sulph'rous cloud that
screens
His horrors and his scars:

'I've wandered far in foreign lands,
To where the cruel Ganges flows;
I've trod Zahara's burning sands,
And Alps' eternal snows.'

Yet it seems that go where he would, the '*Maiden at the Well*' followed him. Well, what is going to be done about it? We trust 'K.' has not wedded *another* maiden: if so, we shouldn't like to stand in her shoes. She might better have 'trod' with him 'Zahara's burning sands,' or accompanied him to the 'cruel Ganges,' and joined the unappreciated wives who have populated with their corpses that renowned stream. - - - WE cannot resist the inclination to quote the following passage from a recent letter of an old-time friend and fellow-student, delightfully resident in one of our noble midland counties: 'I was recovering from sickness lately, and needed something to tempt my appetite. I thought woodcock, well cooked and served, would move my dormant palate. My Irish servant was told to go down and purchase a pair. Mrs. B—— said to him: 'I suppose you know what they are?—those birds with very long bills?' 'Yes, Mem, I do.' Then turning to the cook, she gave directions for their preparation for the table. After the lapse of an hour, the man returned

with the change. 'Well, JIM, did you get the woodcocks?' 'I *did*, Mem.' 'But how is this?—how much change have you brought? What did they cost?' 'Sixteen cents, Mem.' 'What! sixteen cents for *the pair*?' 'Yes, Mem.' 'Why, that is extremely cheap!' He stood in a hesitating way for a moment, and then asked Mrs. B——if she would not step down and see them. She walked down to the kitchen, and JIM stepped up to the table, took up a small package, which he unfolded, and handed out a couple of the longest kind of *wooden faucets*! 'Why, bless you, man, these are not woodcocks! Did n't you hear me give directions about *cooking* them?' 'I *did*, Mem.' 'But do n't you see that I could not cook one of *these*? I might keep them in the pot a whole hour, and they would not be cooked.' 'I see, Mem: I made a mistake. Shall I take 'em back, Mem?' 'Certainly!' Was there ever any thing so thoroughly Irish? - - - We would respectfully advise Mr. MYER S. ISAACS, who writes for the '*Jewish Messenger*,' to lay aside his sham-pen.' He is a plagiarist of the meanest type: for he steals that which is good, alters and 'mixes it up' with his own feeble platitudes, until it is ridiculous, and then palms the whole upon the public as original. In the '*Messenger*' for the eighteenth of June, is a piece purporting to be by Mr. ISAACS, entitled '*The Remembrance of the Dead*.' Open IRVING's 'Sketch-Book,' reader, at '*Rural Funerals*,' and make the subjoined comparisons, commencing with the very first sentence:

IRVING.

'THE love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.'
'WHEN the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart?'

'THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude.'

'THOUGH it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright eye of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry?'

'WHO can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?'

ISAACS.

'THE love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.'

'WHEN our sudden anguish and convulsive agony are softened into pensive meditation on the being whose loss we mourn, our sorrow becomes, as it were, healing and sacred. It teaches us that though we grieve, though our regret can never be stifled, he for whom we feel sad is enjoying a state of bliss, and knows no sorrow.'

'THE sorrow we feel for the dead is the only affliction for which we refuse to be comforted. Every other trouble we strive to forget; we exert every means to dispel. But the memory of the departed we cherish. A voice within us seems to warn us that now the substance is gone, the remembrance remains, and we should not seek to cast it off.'

'THOUGH the remembrance of the deceased throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of pleasure, though it engender sadness at a time we intended to be mirthful, it nevertheless possesses a charm more potent than gayety or ephemeral pleasure. We could not attach more value to our present pleasure than to the memory of those who were wont to share our joys.'

'PERCHANCE it was one with whom we had been at enmity; whose death, when we saw him in the enjoyment of life, we may have wished for. Yet, when we look upon that poor piece of clay mouldering before us, we then reflect *how wrong it was to act as we did!*'

Our 'Original ISAACS' has 'no connection' with the 'party over the way,' (now reading his morning paper on the shady western piazza of 'Sunnyside,') so far as style is concerned. - - - We beg to remind our esteemed friend and correspondent, JOHN PHOENIX, that THE PROCK was first brought to the knowledge of American naturalists by the KNICKERBOCKER. Yes, Sir — years ago: and now here comes us up a United States Topographicalist, who affirms, of his own motion, that this singular animal was discovered long before it was beheld sideling along one of the Rocky Mountains, by our old-time correspondent. Hear him:

'If I recollect rightly, the first person who made mention of 'THE PROCK,' although not by name, was Captain JONATHAN CARVER, whose voyage to the Rocky Mountains in 1665, is quoted by Mr. GREENBOW, and in whose book the name of Oregon was first given to the river now known as the Columbia. CARVER, in his appendix, describing the various animals inhabiting that region, states that: 'In the country of Osnobians (Assinobians) there is a singular beast, of ye bigness of an horse, and having hoofs, whereof two legges on one side are alwaies shorter than ye other, by which means it is fitted to graze on ye steep slopes of the mountains. It is of amazing swiftness, and to catch it the salvages doe head it off: whereby it cannot run, but falleth over and so is taken.' And further: 'I was also told of one which I did not see. This is like unto a bear in size, but covered with a shell, as is ye tortoise, with many hornes along its back. It has great claws and teeth, and is exceeding fierce, eating man and beast.'

We join issue with our new philosopher. We deny, simultuaneously, that 'recently-discovered' specimens of 'THE PROCK' demonstrate that the existence of the animal, as described below, 'is in entire accordance with the usual laws of Nature, and its singular adaptation to the circumstances under which it lives.' Let any surgeon tell us, if the *os humeri* can be elevated and depressed by the *biceps muscularii* in the manner described. A weak invention:

'THE PROCK (*Perocketus Oregonienis*) is about the size of a mule, and like the quagga and zebra, is properly to be included in the genus *equus*, having entire hoofs. Its structure differs, however, from that of any known animal in the mode of articulation of the shoulder and hip-joints. This peculiar formation allows to the limbs a degree of lateral motion, enabling the animal to elevate or depress them at will: thus, when standing upon a sloping surface, giving it the appearance of obliquity, as described by CARVER, and enabling it to run with singular swiftness along steep mountain-sides, where otherwise an animal of its size would find no foothold. In fact, it is hardly surpassed in agility by the Bighorn, or Rocky Mountain goat. I need scarcely say, that the tradition of its being unable to turn, and the consequent method of capture, are mere inventions.'

When a jack-ass shall be discovered standing on a steep declivity of one of the Rocky Mountains, to illustrate this theory, he will be seen shrugging his shoulders, like a Frenchman, and pulling down the under-lid of his left eye (*par la gauche*) with his right hoof, and at the same time will be heard, in musical tones, to exclaim, 'Do you think that led will grow shet?' But 'to the argument.' The alleged CARVER would be right, if he were not an antique male 'Mrs. HARRIS.' We hold, with BETSEY PRIG, that 'there aint no sich a person.' The KNICKERBOCKER's PROCK, is *the* PROCK! - - - We gather the following from a correspondent who writes us from Princess Anne, Maryland: 'Yesterday, during the session of our County-court, his Honor, Judge S — felt a craving for something to appease his hunger. Beckoning to one

of the tipstaves of the court, he requested him to go to a neighboring hotel, and tell the landlord to send him a sandwich. 'A *what?*' asked the tipstave — 'a sangaree? Oh! yes, of course: certainly, Sir, with pleasur.' 'No, Sir — a sandwich.' 'Oh! yes: a little sugar-and-water: certainly, Sir, with pleasure.' 'No, Sir: a *sandwich*: don't you know what a sandwich is?' asked the Judge. 'I beg your Honor to pardon my ignorance.' So the Judge was obliged to explain what a sandwich was: and off the tipstave went to the jovial BONIFACE, and 'told the tale as 't was told to him: 'His Honor, Judge S —, desires that you will send him a sandwich.' 'What's that?' inquired BONIFACE. 'Just you tell Judge S — if he wants any of his law-books, he must come and get 'em: I do n't know nothin' about 'em!' An explanation ensued: and His Honor finally got his sandwich.' 'Smart' court-officials in those 'diggings!' - - - It was a 'right pleasaunte' trip which we took the other day, in company with a small but most agreeable party, to '*The-Battle Grounds of Saratoga*.' Our main object, too long deferred, was to visit an esteemed friend, residing at the beautiful homestead of his boyhood, in old Stillwater, county of Saratoga, a short distance only from BEMIS' Heights; a name rendered famous by great events in our Revolution. '*The Commodore*' steamer bore us delightfully and delightedly, on a lovely night, up the Hudson; but a slight 'aground' in the morning, above Albany, prevented our reaching Troy in time for breakfast before the Saratoga train was to take its departure; so that we were presently off, 'with a rush, a roar, and a rumble,' for the neat little village of Mechanicsville, on the Saratoga road, where we were to take one of the half-dozen kinds of excellent private conveyances of our friend S —, for his most enjoyable residence near the village of old Stillwater, 'in the county aforesaid;' a homestead with 'all the modern improvements,' added to clustering associations that the PRESENT could not furnish, and scenery of such variety, extent, and magnificence, that no ART could ever approach it: as we shall endeavor to shadow forth, in a few sentences descriptive of the famous BEMIS' Heights, (which rise with a very gentle inclination some two or three miles to the northward,) by-and-by, when we come to them. For the present, reader, you will please to group our little party under the 'shady shadow of umbrageous trees' on the lawn, watching now the distant landscape; now scanning the beauty of the nearer views; now marking the happy little girls swinging in the adjacent arbor; all the while having such recreation and varied converse among ourselves, that it will long be pleasant to remember. Toward night — an evening of Saturday it was — there came up from the dim-blue, thundery west a storm of wind and *thick* rain, a big rain, a prolonged rain, such as had not before had its equal this season. Very glorious it was to look out upon, yourself meantime luxuriously housed: it was a mischievous kind of sublimity, however, in the detail; for the 'floods came' so suddenly, that grain was prostrated, streams fearfully swollen, bridges carried away or greatly injured, etc. But Sunday morning dawned clear and balmy; and after hearing a good sermon at the village, (it was '*The Fourth*,' the Sabbath-Day of Freedom,) delivered on 'holy ground' in our history, with an old building close by, which was pierced with British bullets in the Revolution, we returned; and after dinner, 'in the cool of the day,' we visited a 'Fall,' on a stream in an adjacent wood, swollen with the recent rain, which in

the depth of its gorge, and picturesqueness of its tumbling descent, is second only to some of the lower falls of the Genesee, below our neighbor Colonel SILAS SEYMOUR'S marvellous Bridge at Portage. On our return to the mansion, we repaired, after tea, to the parlor, where we listened to, and 'jined in' with several old sacred airs, which brought 'the light of other days' around us. There was a deep-toned parlor-organ, and a most effective base-viol, both well performed upon; well-trained voices 'carried' all parts: and it awakened almost the old emotions, to hear again old 'Windham,' 'Limehouse,' 'Wells,' 'Brattlestreet,' 'Old Hundred,' and — last, but by no means least — 'Norwich.' While we listened to these lines, sung so often on Sunday evenings by maternal lips, long since dust in the grave, tears, unbidden and irrepressible, swelled to our eyes:

'GENTLY glides the stream of Life,
Oft along the flowery vale;
Or impetuous down the cliff,
Rushing roars, when storms assail.

'T is an ever-varied flood,
Always rolling to the sea;
Slow or swift, or wild or rude,
Tending to ETERNITY !'

Find old 'Norwich,' if you have LOWELL MASON'S ancient collection, and if there are singers enough in the family, *sing it*, with all the 'parts:' if it should be Sunday evening, ah! so much the better. It is wonderfully pathetic to us, and melodious also, to our poor taste. But let us hasten on. A brighter or lovelier day never dawned upon our glorious heritage, than that heralded by the dawn which broadened and brightened over old Saratoga, on the morning of the Fifth of July. In the cool breezy air from the North-west, our party started on a short ride to BEMIS' Heights, in a conveyance scarcely less luxurious than it was spacious and 'accommodating.' As we rode along, we could not but again and again remark and admire the beautiful forms of the rounded green or yellow grain and grassy slopes, terminating in level plateaus on the eastern bank of the Hudson. It was fortunate, that on our arrival, by a scarcely-perceptible grade, at the summit of the Heights, we had the excellent good fortune to meet, and to be presented to, CHARLES NELSON, Esq., as he was just departing from his residence; itself so marked a feature in the revolutionary history of the neighborhood; and *him*-self, we may add, a fine representative-man of the patriotic 'men of mark' of that day; six feet five in height, as we should judge, and erect as a statue. From this silver-haired patriot (who several years since, as we learned, wrote a valuable and reliable work upon the great deeds hereabout enacted) we derived most intelligent and interesting information; which, on our return, we solicited him, by letter, to assist our memory in recalling: with which request he very kindly complied, in the communication which ensues. Let us, however, before presenting it to our readers, join our distinguished correspondent, in the hope, that no long time will elapse, before a Legislature of the Empire State shall cause a *Monument on Bemis' Heights* to uplift the glorious deeds of our fathers to all eyes which shall survey the vast region round about. If any member of our next Legislature should desire to do an act which will reflect honor and popularity upon himself, let him introduce a bill for the erection of such a monument.

Propose it, Sir: 'do something for your *country*,' while your associates are working for *party*. Let them

'TALK! talk! talk!
Till the trickling windows swim:
Talk! talk! talk!
Till the lights in the hall wax dim:
Clause and section and line,
Line and section and clause;
Till on their benches they fall asleep,
And dream of making laws:
Amend, divide, and report,
Report, divide, and amend:
Till each 'Section's a riddle, the 'Act' a maze,
And 'a muddle' from end to end!'

Let *them* do this, while *you*, Sir, bring forward the proposed bill. Our word for it, it will, as it should, meet with a hearty response: but we keep our guests waiting:

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.:

'MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your note of the ninth instant, I will, by way of prelude, give you a brief descriptive account of a few of the interesting *views* from my place of residence on this hallowed eminence, some of which you probably might have noticed on your flying visit to this prominent locality on the fifth: as follows:

'In giving a descriptive account of the numerous and splendid prospects from this great '*Observatory*,' commanding as it does, an extensive view of almost every variety of feature necessary to the perfection of a beautiful and picturesque landscape, I would remark, that from this spot the eye of the spectator can compass a circuit of more than three hundred miles in circumference. What a splendid site for a monument! At its foot the noble Hudson rolls on in all its pride and beauty, winding its way from small lakes at the north till it mingles itself with the waters of the Atlantic. At its foot, as it were, like a beautiful panorama, lies the antique village of Upton, or modernized Stillwater, with its numerous churches, its flourishing Academy, and its greatly-improved private dwellings in view, indicating the existence of a liberal spirit of well-directed enterprise. At the north and north-west, a distance of some forty miles, and in plain view, are the lofty mountains around Lake Horicon, the Sackindaga or Scandanaga Mountains; and still onward in the dim distance, the azure summits of the cloud-capped Adirondacks terminate this very romantic scene. Often when viewing this extensive wilderness of wonders, where dame NATURE, in some of her mad freaks, seems to have turned every thing within the sphere of her fancy 'topsy turvy,' I can almost imagine to myself that at some former period of the world this must have been the great battle-field of the enraged ELEMENTS, and in their fury, for the want of less powerful engines of wrath, must have torn up the rocks in their feverish strength, and hurled them at one another in almost immeasurable masses, and with such terrific force, that

'WHEN rock met rock 'mid battle ground,
They fell in heaps with thundering sound,
Till the towering peaks which now we see,
Reared up their heads in majesty:
While in the vales from whence were torn,
These massive 'chunks,' and off were borne,
Are awful gulfs sunk far below,
Where maddening streams in torrents flow.'

On the east, and stretching far in the distance to the north and south, and terminating the view in that direction, is the long chain of the Green Mountains, the most prominent of which is the much-noted *Mount Tom*, whose towering peak seems to point out to the far-distant spectator the very romantic locality of that renowned seat of literature, known and distinguished by the appellation of *Williams College*.

'Then, in the north-east, is the smoke-encircled Bald Mountain, from whose ruptured sides the ponderous rocks are rolled down into the numerous lime kilns surrounding its huge base, the dazzling splendor of whose bright fires, in a dark night, glitter in the distance like sparkling brilliants around the chaste bosom of some rich Hindoo's bride. About six miles farther south is *Willard's Mountain*, so distinguishingly noted on the historic page, as the lofty eminence from which an American spy, by the name of WILLARD, with a good glass, watched the movements, and ascertained the probable force in BURGOYNE's camp, some four miles distant; and from time to time, through messengers employed for that service, made his reports to General GATES, who was thereby enabled to anticipate almost every movement of the British army. About equidistant from this enduring Monument, and the great 'Index,' or Mount Tom, and in plain view from the great Observatory, (Bemis' Heights,) is that very celebrated ground called *Bennington Heights*, where the indomitable General STARK so triumphantly captured a thousand of BURGOYNE's mercenary troops, and saved his beloved MOLLY from becoming a widow that night.

'Within the broad circle, or rather semi-circle of this extensive prospect, an apparent plain, spreading even to the base of those mountains, and covered with highly-cultivated farms, neat mansions, and thriving villages, presents to view to the delighted beholder one of the most beautiful and picturesque landscapes to be found, perhaps, in the world.

'Then again, on the west, is another beautiful, variegated, and extensive view of a rich and highly-cultivated portion of country, including the memorable ground where the first and most important battle was fought, on the seventh of October: I say, the most important, as its result not only dampened the ardor of the British, and inspired the Americans with renewed courage, but was the first bright dawn of American Liberty.

'On the south, and in front of this venerable mansion on the 'Heights,' where your humble servant first saw the light of day, is a broad expanse of country, spread out before the astonished spectator, like a rich and beautifully-variegated carpet, and terminated only by the lofty range of the Catskill Mountains, or 'Kaatsbergs,' stretching away in the dim distance some ninety or an hundred miles, where the far-famed Mountain House is distinctly to be seen with a good glass, like a pearl in its lofty crest, at an elevation of some three thousand feet above the level of the Hudson. A little to the right of this line of observation, and bearing away to the north-west, is seen a spur of this lofty range called the 'Helderbergs,' so famed as the seat of the late *Indian War*!

'Then, on a less distant view, the eye of the delighted spectator roams in endless gratification over farms, villages, and towns, and takes into the scope a goodly portion of the oldest city in the Union, 'Albany on the Hill;' and if the windows of the Capitol should happen to be raised to cool the ardent temper of some fiery politician, he can take a peep into the legislative hall, and see the representatives of the people, in their parliamentary discussions, contending more for the 'loaves and fishes' of office, than for the good of the country.

'Thus I have endeavored to give a general though brief outline of the most prominent views, so richly and numerously displayed within the circumference of this great circle; and which, no doubt, at some remote former period of the world, was covered with one vast sheet of water, and bounded only by the lofty ranges of mountains already mentioned, including the Matteawan, the Highlands, and Shawangunk. The outlet of this grand and beautiful sheet of water must, I think, from the appearance of the soil, and make of the land from Fort Edward to Fort Ann, have been at the north, till some powerful convulsion of nature burst asunder its prison-doors at the Highlands; when, by the mighty rushing of its waters, the channel of the Hudson was excavated down to its present level, and the alluvion filling up the bed of some former stream, or arm of the sea below, caused the great expanse of waters at Haverstraw and Tappaân. But whether this vast and majestic lake, for such it must have been, dotted with its numerous Islands, and dashing its waves against the rocky barrier which I have been describing, *was*, or whether the present rich and magnificent landscape presented to view from the great Observatory on BEMIS' Heights *is*, the most worthy of admiration, I shall leave for the more speculative to determine; and will close with the following lines:

'Is taste for grandeur, or the mere sublime,
Prompt thee, my friend, these gentle HEIGHTS to climb,
Here gaze attentive on the scene around,
But tread with holy awe this hallowed ground!'

SIMPLY premising that the views here so graphically described, in all the varied coloring born of the sunshine and shadow of a summer day, are visible from the lawn of our hospitable host, Mr. M. T. S —, we pass to the *Battle-Fields of Old Saratoga*:

'Not knowing (continues our esteemed correspondent) what particular information you may desire, I will simply and briefly state that the Battle on the nineteenth of September took place principally on what is known as 'the FREEMAN Farms' on the map. The first battle, on the seventh of October, was fought along the line of the American entrenchments, on the left, a little west of and near my own dwelling, where the action lasted one hour and a quarter, when the British were driven from that position to a rise of ground about half a mile to the north-west, when BURGOYNE coming on with reinforcements, made a second stand. The Americans now seeing the enemy in full force, fell back till they were reinforced from the right wing on the river, when they again attacked their whole line from right to left, and in forty-five minutes drove them from that position back to their fortified camp. Soon after the British had retreated behind their works, the Americans again rallied, and boldly marching up under a shower of grape-shot and bullets, attacked their whole line, and drove them across the north-branch of the 'middle ravine.' The darkness of night having now put an end to the bloody conflict, and fresh troops having been ordered out to hold possession of that part of the camp from which the enemy had been driven, those who had been engaged in this hard day's work, retired to their quarters, while shouts of VICTORY! VICTORY!! rang triumphantly through the American camp.

'On retiring to their quarters, the victorious Americans having collected together the ten pieces of cannon captured on that day, placed them in line along the road, a little south of my house, when all, in one bright blaze, proclaimed in tones of thunder to an astonished nation the first *bright dawn* of American Liberty!

'To be more particular, I would say that, General POOR and Colonel MORGAN quartered in the east wing of my house; the only building now standing that was in existence on any part of the battle-field at the time of those memorable engagements. Major ACKLAND, who commanded the British grenadiers, was brought to the same room, wounded and a prisoner, where he remained till the twelfth, and where he was visited by his interesting wife, Lady HARRIET ACKLAND.

'General GATES' quarters were about eighty rods south of my house. General ARNOLD's quarters was a log-cabin standing at the north-west corner of my doorway, on the site of which, when I was a small boy, I planted a twig of Lombardy poplar, as a memorial of that fact, and of my birth-place. The tree is now fresh and green, and can be seen for miles around.

'With respect and esteem,

'Yours, etc.,

CHARLES NEILSON.'

It was our intention to have made mention of the pleasant circumstance of attending a Fourth-of-July celebration at Stillwater; of the uproarious laughter which a troop of *Fantastics*, from the neighborhood of the 'Field of the Grounded Arms' near Schuylerville, occasioned, in the procession; of the unexpected but most grateful tribute which was awarded to our 'faithful course for twenty-four years in our Magazine,' by a KNICKERBOCKER (by name and nature) of 'Old Schaghticoke,' over the river; but these things must be reserved. We ought, in justice to Esquire NEILSON, to state, that he accompanied his interesting communication by an excellent original map of the localities described, which, we are sorry to add, came too late for the engraver, to be made available. While at Mr. NEILSON's house, we were shown many and various precious revolutionary relics, picked up from time to time, in newly-ploughed fields near the adjoining sanguinary lines of defence. One of the most extraordinary collections of these hallowed relics, however, is preserved by Mr. SAMUEL G. EDDY, of the village of Stillwater. With pious care, this gentleman has arranged, in the best manner, a *Patriotic Revolutionary Museum*, which, with great courtesy and kindness, he points out, and permits to be examined, by his grateful and gratified visitors. To show the richness of this collection, let us mention a few only of the interesting 'remains' which it embraces:

'THE field-sword of General PHILIP SCHUYLER, and the wedding-shoe of Mrs. SCHUYLER; a British spontoon, taken at the battle last fought, the ninth of October, 1777: the remainder were ploughed up on the battle-field on BENIS' Heights, where the battle of the nineteenth of September was fought: short-swords; gun and pistol-barrels; tomahawks; hatchets; axes; bayonets; buttons worn by Ninth, Eleventh, Twentieth, Twenty-First, Twenty-Second, Twenty-Fourth, Forty-Seventh, and Fifty-Third Regiments of BURGORNE's army; grenadiers' buttons of KING's Eighth Regiment; piece of an officer's blanket of the Twenty-First Regiment, with part military coat, including buttons (gold-plated) ornamented with the Crown, Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle; military cap-plates; an American Eagle—motto, 'Unity is Strength'; gun-locks and flints; shells, cannon-balls, lead balls, and grape-shot; Hessian pistol; pocket-knives; shoe-buckles of various devices; triangle; screw-drivers; bullet-moulds; silver knee-buckles; gold, silver, and copper coins, found within three or four years past—dates, 1770 and '74; powder-horns; piece of the plank on which General FRAZIER died; breast-plates marked G. R.; one of WASHINGTON's military buttons; and autograph letter of General GATES, when he assumed the command of the Northern army, etc., etc.'

LEST we tire the reader with so extended a subsection of 'GOSSIPRY,' we purpose to make present pause. - - - THE 'Little People' came into the

sanctum the other afternoon, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, each one trying to out-talk the other in delivering the wonderful news: 'O father! there's a man out on the grass by the school-house, with a big white tent, and a great *Tellyouskoap* on three legs: and he's going to sleep in the tent with his little boy, and he's a-going to see stars, and moons, and comets, and comets, and moons, and suns, and stars: 's going to see 'em to-night; and he says we may look through the great big hollow thing, and see 'em too! Won't *that* be fun?' It was as the children stated. Professor HYATT, an enthusiastic student of astronomy, had pitched his white tent upon a grassy mound in a field adjoining a little upland meadow, that bounds 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' on the south, where he was to make observations on the glorious evenings which then prevailed. We found the Professor a man of very modest demeanor, thoroughly conversant with his great theme, and glad to communicate information to all who desired to look through his telescope, an instrument magnifying sixty times. It was well worth a visit. MERCURY and VENUS, (SATURN *once*), as evening stars, the red planet MARS, and JUPITER, as a morning star, were greatly enjoyed; as was the Moon, when she 'took up the wondrous tale' of the night-season. We confess, however, to a deeper interest in the double-stars, nebulae, clusters in the Milky Way, lunar mountains, and volcanic craters; all of which were easily discerned. There is something sublime in directing a telescope toward a point in the evening sky where nothing is discernible to the unassisted eye, and to see within the deep blue abyss of the heavens countless stars 'shining clear and young, as when gazed upon by the shepherds on the plains of Shinar.' It was a very great lesson to the little folk: and they really seemed to feel with the enraptured Psalmist: 'When I survey the heavens, the work of Thy hands, and the moon and stars which Thou hast ordained, then I say, 'What is MAN, that THOU art mindful of him, or the Son of Man, that THOU visitest him?'' Surely there never *could* be an 'undevout astronomer.' - - - How defective are the Biblical readings of some very respectable church-members, was amusingly illustrated at a church-meeting discussion a while since, in a large religious society, not thirty miles from the modern Athens. The question concerned the restoration of an excommunicated person upon the acknowledgment of his fault. A member was strongly advocating the measure, and wound up an appealing sentence to the sympathy of those present by saying that, according to the great MASTER's own words, so long as the unfortunate offender lay under the censure, he was nothing better than a 'heathen man and a *re-publican*.' The sudden twinkle in the wide-awake moderator's eye, and a wicked twitching at the corners of his mouth, did not happen to catch the speaker's notice, who, warming with his theme, took another pull at the hearts of the brethren by dilating on the very unhappy condition of his client, which he clinched at length by a direct appeal, whether the church could consent to let a man, who seemed to be really penitent, remain any longer as just nothing else than 'a heathen man and a *re-publican*!' This second blunder fairly upset the gravity of the meeting, not excepting that of a large number of regular FREMONT torch-lighters (it was in those days) who quite relished the joke, and none the less because their evidently unconscious lampooner happened to be a stiff 'Old-line' Whig. It was all decidedly rich; and the appeal proved to be irresistible.' We once wit-

nessed a similar circumstance. - - - A WORLD of reminiscence arose to mind, as we perused the subjoined *Familiar Letter from an Old Friend*. Of nothing here recorded have we lost a single recollection. All seems as fresh to us as if it were only of yesterday's occurrence. 'Columbia Villa,' and its inmates, are before us now, as in days of yore: and that mistake, arising from twin-resemblance, how well we remember it! 'W. G. C.' used to say that *he* 'never knew us apart, until he looked at a school-day's scar which he had on his right arm, near the wrist!' With all this lapse of time, somehow or other we do n't feel a year older than we did then. And this, we suspect, is a weakness which will always hang around us. Looking at our embryo 'LEVIATHAN' kite, and the trip-hammer wind-mill rattling in the peach-tree where we have nailed it, and whose evolutions and revolutions we watch on a breezy day with a curious kind of reflected interest, we can't help thinking that we shall never cease to be a boy. But listen to our friend:

'DEAR CLARK: Tell me if it is an evidence of advancing age, when one is perpetually recalling some image of the past, and being continually startled by remembrances of things which have been packed away in Memory's cell for many a year? What else does it indicate? Peradventure you will reply, that it is time for me to make my will, for assuredly I have had an unusual number of interesting reminders of the lapse of time lately. I was at the ACADEMY OF DESIGN the other evening. I went in alone; but soon found myself confronted by well-remembered faces, whose owners I had known in my youth; and I was presently in the midst of a crowd of old friends. Here was a 'Portrait of a Lady,' by INGHAM. What! CHARLES INGHAM, whose *White Plume* was the admiration of the critics at the Academy almost a quarter of a century ago! Does he paint yet? Ay, and admirably too. Oh! how that brilliant complexion recalls one of my youthful tormentors!—and the hair too, and the eye-brows, are her own: yes, I am quickly transported to my old haunts, and once more

'Tis mid-summer's eve, and fond dreams of my youth
Are clustering thickly around my lone path,
Recalling lost pictures with life-giving truth,
Whose colors once mingled love, mischief, and mirth.
O EMILY LANGLEY! sweet EMILY gay!
Again I behold thee, bright image of May!'

I look a little farther, and lo! HALLECK peers down from the walls, as benignant and as unpretending as of yore. The face was so natural and communicative, that I was almost tempted to address it, and inquire: 'Where are *your* works, manly spirit, and what have you been doing in your intervals of leisure these twenty years past? Where are the results of those long and solitary rambles on Weehawken Heights, and around Fort Lee?' And I seemed to receive this answer: 'Wait until my port-folio is unlocked by some survivor by-and-by, and you shall *know* what I have been doing.' Let us hope so, if he open it not himself before.

'I pass on. What's this? A jovial crowd of revellers: BRYANT, VERPLANCK, COZZENS, TAYLOR! Why half the 'Century' is here: old and young, grave and gay, master and scholar. But how strangely grotesque is their costume! They are celebrating a nuptials: and whose? No, 't is a masquerade. But where are the masks? Ah! I see how it is: the artist has been giving expression to a dream, and tossed in the familiar lineaments most fantastically. Anon I find myself in a corner. Before me is a flashing stream, leaping in uproarious foam over

picturesque rocks: while fishing-rods, flies, and whirling lines, indicate Trout. The Artist and his Friends.' One of them wears that same white hat, with a mourning-weed upon it, in which I well remember him, (shall I say how many years ago?) the friend of many friends, 'Old KNICK.' There he stands, instinct with life, evidently in fine spirits, and enjoying the sport, as he does every good thing, with exceeding relish. Ah! bon ami! how well do I remember the first time I ever saw you. It was in St. PAUL's Church, on a summer Sabbath morning, in a club-pew, with good BERRIAN in the pulpit. I had just returned from a visit to Philadelphia, made memorable by an introduction and pleasant conversation with your brother WILLIS, which I had greatly enjoyed only two evenings before. I was seated alone before you came in; and was fully satisfied that you were WILLIS himself. You returned my recognition; and after a while, exhibiting signs of impatience under the close and pungent appeals of the preacher, I was led to scribble some verses in the blank leaves of a prayer-book, descriptive somewhat, and deprecatory likewise, of conclusions too rapidly forming in the mind of a stranger, as I thought, derogatory to New-York pulpit eloquence; and wrote above them, 'To W. G. C.' Carefully you read them, smiled, and drew forth your *visite*; and under-scoring with a pencil the word 'LOUIS' on one of the cards, handed the latter to me. I was amazed, and doubtless became very red in the face, as you tore the leaves, covered with my hasty rhymes, from the book, folded them together, and placed them in your pocket: an expressive compliment, and as characteristic, let me say, as any thing could well be. I saw you often afterward at 'Columbia Villa,' where a club of lively bachelors kept house; and many a brilliant sally of wit have I listened to there, from such practitioners as D — G — M, Jr. (then;) T — M — N; S — S — T; old G — H — T; J — T — S — GG; E — S — D, 'an' the lave,' some of whom have faded from my remembrance: and many a frolic scene was there exhibited, when you were present to prick them on.

'I have a son now, who is about the age I was then, and he is a loyal reader of the KNICKERBOCKER, especially of the 'Editor's Table.' He often calls my attention to my favorite writers; and I have misgivings that he will be boring you, as I did in those days, to print his inspirations. If he does, I hope he will get the same timely admonition from you which his father did in those days; for, while permitting my contributions sometimes to appear, you plainly but kindly conveyed to me a suggestion, which could readily be interpreted to mean nothing else than: 'Boy, stick to your ledger, and leave poetry to the poets.' You do not know how great a kindness you did me, and probably never will. If you have Volume Twelve of MAGA within reach, look on page 462, and see how generous you were in other days to the rank and file in the literary army.

'But where is 'Columbia Villa' now? — and where are all the choice spirits who congregated there, and whom your brother designated, in the interview just referred to, as of 'the Salt of New-York?' He, too, had been there. The villa not only is gone, but the very ground on which it stood has disappeared. Even College-Green, against which it abutted, and which was one of the loveliest spots our city ever hid away in its stony bosom, is obliterated. Of all the resident inmates of that pleasant house, (which was built by WILLIAM L. STONE, of 'Commercial Advertiser' memory,) not one survives: all are gone to give up their account: and the last communication I ever sent to you, was an invitation to the funeral of one of the worthiest of them all. And this brings me to the conclusion, appropriately, of my reminiscences of old times, and my purpose in addressing them to

you, which is contained in the accompanying paper, and which you will oblige me by disposing of as you think proper.

'There were other faces at the Academy of Design which greatly interested me, beside WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT'S and DUNCAN INGRAHAM'S, especially as they exhibited evidences of beauty, genius, talent, and improvement in those whom I highly prize: but, as they belong more particularly to the present, and as I am now considering the past, I leave them for the future. Believe me,

'Ever yours, Tenaciously,

'New-York, June, 21st, 1858.

R. S. O.

'Greenwood Gatherings.'

'THE friends of my boyhood, oh! where are they gone?'
Thus spoke my sad heart as I strayed
By a freshly-made grave, near a path-way well worn,
In the midst of a beautiful glade.
'T was May-day — all nature had put on new life,
And smiled in the white-blossomed trees;
The zephyr that fanned me, with perfume was rife,
And gently blew landward the breeze.

'In full view before me, the island-gemmed bay
Was sparkling beneath the sun's glance;
By fort and by ferry the myriad barks play,
Or speed on their rapid advance:
Around me, the emblems of mortals at rest,
Were gleaming on hill-side and plain,
How strange that my heart with new pain was oppressed
As drew near a funeral train.

'Of, oft had I witnessed the pageant of wo,
Unmoved by the mourner's dull tread;
Heard tremulous voices repeat, sad and slow,
The last solemn prayer o'er the dead;
Then why should that out-gush of sorrow and tears
Cause my soul thus with anguish to strive?
Ah! memory leaps over the chasm of years,
And scenes in my young life revive.

'I see in that concourse the last of a band
Of comrades, who entered, with me,
On the battle of life, with all means at command,
To cope with its toils manfully:
And here, close at hand, in the tomb's cold embrace,
The most of them refuge have found,
While others from distance their home-course will trace,
When only the last trump shall sound.

'But whose is the form they have brought to the grave,
Surrounded by bearers well known?
'T is one of the first of the manly and brave,
Whom DEATH has just sealed for his own.
I knew him a boy — in the spring-time of life
How oft have we stood side by side!
I knew him long after, a hero in strife,
By the far Mississippi's swift tide.

How proud was his bearing, how buoyant his step!
His frame was of Nature's best mould;
His laugh was the gayest, the smile on his lip
E'er told of a soul free and bold.
In the roll of young soldiers a leader was he—
On the green, with a maid by his side,
None more gallant with fair-one or mess-mate could be,
None more faithful by each to abide.

'He sank far away and beneath a strange sky,
No loving companion was near,
No children leant o'er him to catch his last sigh,
But now their tears rain on his bier.
Ah! ye who return from sojourning abroad,
Do you long your old compeers to greet?
The loved of your young hearts? — go follow the road
To Greenwood's fast-filling retreat!

'Yes, here they all gather, here find they a home,
 School-fellows, compatriots, friends;
 In youth and in manhood, ah! hither they come,
 Fast graveward each winding road tends!
 The sharers of camp-life, the rivals for fame,
 Here mingle, whatever their grade,
 Awaiting the summons which calls them by name,
 To march to the final parade.

'They rest in the cold vault, the grave and the tomb:
 No marble need tell where each lies,
 For we'll see one another in youth's brightest bloom,
 When our CAPTAIN shall bid us arise.
 Ah! would that we all could lie down round one stone,
 Companions in friendship and love,
 And wait for the signal which comes from God's throne,
 To mount to the ramparts above.

R. S. O.'

Let us hear from 'R. S. O.' again. - - - THERE are certain 'arguments,' so called, that might be easily controverted, if 'the principle' were made 'patent' (to use a hackneyed and not over-felicitous term) to the human understanding. A friend mentioned to us a case in point, up in old Saratoga, the other day. Some one had made the apothegmic remark: 'Two wrongs do n't make a right.' 'Sometimes they do,' interposed a seedy-looking by-stander, with a deöwn-east nasal twang: 'they did with me once.' 'How was that?' asked his interlocutor: 'it is ag'in the very natur' of things.' 'Can't help that: there was a fellow passed onto me once a one-dollar bill, and it was a counterfeit. Was n't that wrong?' 'Certainly it was wrong, if he *knew* it to be a counterfeit.' 'Wal, expect he did: *I* did, any way, when I passed it onto *another* chap. Nöow was n't *that* wrong?' 'Wrong! — of course: *very* wrong.' 'Wal, it made *me* 'all right!'' was the triumphant rejoinder: 'so two wrongs *doos* make a right, sometimes!' The 'argument' was ended by this precious illustration! - - - THE annexed, which announces a sometimes questioned fact, is attributed, in the professional journal whence we take it, to 'a distinguished medical authority:' 'It is a popular error to suppose that scholars and literary men are shorter lived than other men. But the fact is, 'on the contrary, quite the reverse.' Consider for a moment that the *class*, compared with what are called the 'professions,' is a small one, and, compared with the 'trades,' is very small indeed; and then mark the result. Hardly an eminent author of modern times but affords an example of longevity. BYRON and KEATS, it is true, died young — the latter by consumption, the former by irregularities that would have killed any body. But WORDSWORTH, SOUTHEY, TOM MOORE, and JAMES MONTGOMERY, lived to an advanced age. ROGERS, at his decease, was above ninety, and DE QUINCEY, WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, and HUMBOLDT, are still alive and at work, at past three-score and ten. Our own country furnishes similar examples in SILLIMAN, IRVING, HALLECK, and PIERPONT — all old men, but still strong in health and mental vigor. The truth is, men oftener rust out than wear out; and there is no doubt that habitual mental employment tends to keep the body young, both in fact and in appearance.' Unanswerable fact, no doubt. - - - THE subjoined postscript of a letter to the EDITOR, from a Connecticut correspondent, has somewhat surprised us. 'For why?' Because, where such men as HENRY BARNARD have labored so successfully for the extension of the blessings of common schools, such things 'ought not so to be.' 'Speaking of the tender passion: our hostler is in love.

For the last three hours he has been inditing a letter to his DULCINEA, who lives in Goshen, Conn. He has just come in to inquire if he has 'got the directions on right.' As the subscriber liveth, he has spelled that ancient town *Ghotion!* This is almost equal to YELLOWPLUSH: 'Gentil reader, ave you ever been on the otion? — 'the sea, the sea, the hopen sea,' as BARNEY CROMWELL the poeck sings?' - - - 'DOUBTLESS few persons are aware,' writes an Illinois correspondent, 'that the current phrase, *'Too much Pork for a Shilling,'* had its origin in the experience of one who for a quarter of a century has been one of our best-known literary *celebrités*. It came into existence in this wise: The gentleman in question, then a youth of twelve or fourteen, was a home-pupil with Rev. Dr. M——, of C——, New-Hampshire. On the Fourth of July, the festivities of the day were to consist of a fishing-party on the Merrimack, with a dinner in a grove on the river's bank. The dinner was preordained to consist of the fish caught by the party, fried with slices of salt pork, coupled with a suitable addendum of punch, the popular beverage of the times. The fishing of the day, as might have been expected, was not over-successful, and the prandial honors were done with the pork and the punch. When our young participant in the feast thus abridged, reached the door of his worthy preceptor, he was decidedly the worse for *something*, as was manifest in his gait and utterance. 'Why, N——,' exclaimed the astounded Doctor, 'how *could* you get so 'excited?'' 'It was the pork — the pork, Sir — taken on an empty stomach.' 'But N——,' continued the Domine, alarmed on another score, 'have you spent all your pocket-money?' 'Oh! no, Sir, I only spent a shilling; but — but, Sir, *there was too much pork for a shilling!*' You can learn at 'Idlewild,' above you on the Hudson,

'WHETHER OR NO
These things be so.'

I pronounce it to be 'founded.' - - - DID you ever remark, reader, the curious kind of wandering which characterizes a rail-road passenger, on awaking from a long nap in the cars, on a hot summer's day? If you have, you will appreciate a circumstance mentioned to us by an entertaining friend the other day in the country. A fellow-passenger, who had 'laid himself out' on one of the wide unoccupied seats of the Erie Railroad cars, (there are a good many of that kind 'about these days,') had fallen asleep, and snoozed for two hours. At length, however, when the engineer suddenly 'drew rein' on the iron-horse at a station, the sleeper slowly aroused himself, stretched back, and with a drowsy half-groan, yawned until his head seemed coming off: at the same moment he caught sight of a basket hanging over the travelling-bag rack above his head, and *something* coming out from under the top-lid. 'Wha' wha' — what be *them!*' he exclaimed, with unmistakable terror, motioning crazily toward the basket with his hand. 'It's pups,' said a man in an adjoining seat — 'a basket of pups.' 'Oh! — I was *afraid they was n't!*' was the reply of the terrified passenger, accompanied by a long-drawn sigh of relief. Much laughter then ensued. - - - A GOOD-NATURED friend, who 'appreciates and admires the efforts made in the EDITOR'S Gossipry, to bring our language up to the modern standard of *Highfalutination*,' sends us a translation, from the mother tongue, of 'The House that JACK Built.' We present two illustra-

tive verses of 'The Domicil erected by John: translated from the Vulgate of M. Goose.' The original cannot easily be lost sight of:

'Lo HERE, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the PRIEST who linked
In HYMEN's golden bands the MAN unthrift
Whose means exigeous stared from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the VIRGIN all forlorn
Who milked the Cow with implicated horn;
Who in fierce wrath the canine torturer skied
That dared to vex the insidious muricide
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of that sly rat that robbed the palace JACK had built.

'The loud cantankerous SHANGHAI comes at last,
Whose shouts aroused the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of HYMEN's sacrament
To him, who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgor of the horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that *kilt*
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that JACK built.'

'The House that JACK built,' with all the modern improvements! Not a bad satire upon certain 'styles.' - - - Two little *Juvenilites*, 'an' it please ye.' At a recent examination of a juvenile class at Canandaigua Academy, this question was asked: 'From what did the State of Virginia derive its name?' After a reasonable interval, an innocent but philosophical urchin replied: 'From CHARLES the Second, who was a VIRGIN!' — 'Our little 'BUD,' a few weeks since, was playing beside his mother, when a band of music in the neighborhood began to play a lively air. Dropping his play-things, he stood silently listening for awhile; then exclaimed with enthusiasm: 'Hear dat pretty music, ma? *Pretty* music! Flowers in dat music, ma! *Flowers* in dat music!' And his eyes sparkled with delight until the strains died away. This is *exactly* what he said: and it occurred to me that there was poetry in it. The little fellow has music in *his* soul: don't you think he has, Mr. EDITOR?' - - - Let us premise, that the 'Ocean View,' referred to in the subjoined elegant epistle, is a sea-side watering-place, reached by a two hours' ride from the city of Norfolk, Virginia, and is much patronized in summer by pic-nic parties and other excursionists. The letter is exhaustive in its shadowings-forth of the pleasures and popularity of the place. We print from the original — *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim*:

'Ocen view July 13 185

'Der day Book

'thar is 2 Picknicks her to Day one from Portsmouth and the other From norfolk the one from Portsmouth has 4 Gron ones and 5 Children the one from norfolk has 9 Groin and 3 Childern thar ar Roling 10 pins and 6 and sem to Bee Enjoyn themselves verry wel the Coach Brought 20 Pasanagers and Mr. weber sent 2 Hacks at the sam Rate as The stage the all wanted to Com in the Coach.'

This, it should be stated, was sent to the Editor of the *Day Book* daily journal of Norfolk. A high style of spelling, is n't it? However, it is not peculiar to the 'Old Dominion.' - - - It is not improbable, 'in the nature of things,' that the following, from a letter of an American now travelling in Italy, is entirely authentic: 'At sun-set we reached Gaeta. This place abounds in historical interest, and it is here that the Pope found refuge when he fled from

the Republic in 1849. Among the legends of the place is one to the effect that he and the King of Naples, who had come to visit him in his exile, went on board of an American vessel. The commander welcomed them in these terms: 'POPE, how are you? KING, how d'ye do? Here, Lieutenant JONES—you speak French: *parley-vous* with POPE, while KING and I go down and take a drink. KING, *come on!*' Likely as not: and not unlike the *nil admirari* spirit of another American, who, standing on Ludgate Hill, near Saint PAUL's, said, in reply to a friend who asked him: 'Well, what do you think of London, now?' 'Wal, it's pretty thick-settled here abeout the meetin'-house; but I'd ruther live in Bosting!' - - - THE Dutch Justice, described by DEIDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, who sent his tobacco-box by way of summons, and his jack-knife as a warrant, was out-done by a 'cute Yankee younker, in a small village in the western part of our 'Empire State.' A law-suit was coming off in the town, and a young 'Spoon' (as he is called) was engaged to subpoena the witnesses. 'The roads were almost impassable on account of the mud, and two of the witnesses living some three or four miles away, a bright idea struck his muddy pate, and was forthwith acted upon. He sat down and wrote each a letter, stating that a sum of money was deposited in his hands, which they could have by calling upon him. They called, and got a subpoena and twelve and a half cents each!' - - - THE early period at which each number of our Magazine passes to the stereotyper's, has prevented a mention in these pages of the recent lamented decease of our esteemed friend and frequent correspondent, Hon. ROBERT T. CONRAD, of Philadelphia, of which city he was an ex-mayor. Judge CONRAD has been widely known for many years, both as an editor, dramatic writer, and a jurist, and possessed in a remarkable degree a brilliancy, fertility, and raciness of intellect, and a full-hearted generosity, that made him the centre of a host of attached friends. He was a bosom-friend and for some time an editorial associate, of WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, whom he always regarded with an affection 'passing the love of woman.' At last, 'in death they are not divided.' - - - A VERY beautiful thought of Sir THOMAS BROWNE is contained in the annexed brief sentences: 'Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark simulacrum, and light but the shadow of God.'

'SING-SONG AND CHIT-CHAT,' OR INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN MANY LANDS. — The above is the title of our friend Mr. STEPHEN MASSETT's (JEEMS PIPES, of Pipeville) original Entertainment, which he proposes giving at NIBLO's about the middle of September. We are enabled to assure the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, that the diversified nature of the Entertainment will gratify and satisfy all tastes. Mr. MASSETT has recently returned from India, and his reminiscences of the Orient are imbued with the deepest interest. Some of his recitations we have never heard surpassed; while he is in the best voice for the vocal portion of his Entertainment.

A Glance at New Publications.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS: FOURTH SERIES.—MESSRS. SHELDON, BLAKEMAN, AND COMPANY have issued a fourth volume of SPURGEON'S Discourses. Its perusal has confirmed our previous impressions of the author. Of one thing we have become convinced; and that is, that SPURGEON derives more than one half his power, and his influence as a sermonizer and pulpit orator, from his familiarity with the Scriptures, that great store-house of knowledge divine and human. His illustrations, drawn from this unfailing source, are almost always remarkably felicitous and effective. His taste is far from good, oftentimes, when he chooses familiar objects to enforce his life-sketches; but with the BIBLE for his model, he seldom fails in bringing home a scene or a lesson to the eyes and minds of his hearers. Read this passage, which has no 'new thing' in it, from his sermon on 'The Parable of the Ark:'

'We do not find that it ever sprung a leak while it was out at sea; she certainly never went into harbor to mend her bottom, for she had no harbor to go to. We never read that NOAH called up SHEM, HAM, and JAPHETH to work at the pumps, nor yet that they had any, for there was not a bit of leakage about her. No doubt there were storms during that year; but we do not hear that the ship was ever in danger of being wrecked. The rocks, it is true, were too low down to touch her bottom; for fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered. Rising twenty-seven feet above the loftiest mountains, she had no quicksands to fear: they were too deep below her keel. But of course she was exposed to the winds; sometimes the hurricane might have rattled against her, and driven her along. Doubtless at another time the hail beat on her top, and the lightnings scarred the brow of night; but the ark sailed on: not one was cast out from her, nor were her sailors wearied with constant pumping, to keep out the water, or frequent repairs to keep her secure. Though the world was inundated and ruined, that one ark sailed triumphantly above the waters. The ark was safe, and all who were in her were safe too. Now, sinner, the CHRIST I preach to you, is such a refuge as that. His Gospel has no flaw in it. As the ark never sank, and the elements never prevailed against it, so CHRIST never failed.—He cannot fail—all the principalities and powers are subject unto HIM. Those who are in CHRIST are sheltered safely from the storm: they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of His hands.'

In the same discourse, he tells his 'beloved' (a frequent phrase with him) that he counts all 'brothers' who are in the ark, no matter to what denomination of Christians they may belong: 'We cannot expect all to be in one room. The elephants did not live with the tigers, nor did the lions lie down with the sheep. There were different rooms for different classes of creatures; and it is a good thing that there are different denominations. Do not let me condemn those who are taking refuge in the same vessel with myself.' He calls his hearers' attention to the fact, that although there were many *rooms* in the ark, there was *only one door*:

'And the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof.' And so there is only one door leading into the ark of our salvation, and that is CHRIST. There are not two CHRISTs preached, one in one chapel, and another in another. 'If any man preach any other doctrine than ye have received, let him be accursed.' There is but one Gospel. We take in the righteous out of all sections; but we do not take in all sections. We pick out the godly from among them all, for we believe there is a remnant in the vilest of them. Still, there is only one door; and 'he that cometh not in by the door, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. There was only one door to the ark. Some animals, like the camelopard, whose heads are higher than other animals, might have to bow their necks, to go in by the same entrance as the waddling ducks, who naturally stoop, even as they enter a barn; and so, some of the lofty ones of this world must bend their heads, if they would enter into the Church by CHRIST.'

Portions of this last illustration may seem too familiar for the great theme; but the forcible inculcation of the passage robs it of this objection. Another discourse, '*The Good Shepherd*,' is marked in parts by some of the reverend author's happiest characteristics. 'The LORD is my Shepherd, I shall not want,' he opens by saying, was natural to DAVID, who had himself been a shepherd-boy. He remembered how he had led his flock by the waters of Jordan in the warm summer, and how he had made them lie down in shady nooks by the side of the river; how, on sultry days, he had led them on the high hills, that they might feel the cool air; and how, when the winter had set in, he led them into the valleys, where they might be hidden from the stormy blast; he remembered the tender care with which he protected the lambs, and how he had tended the wounded of the flock.'

There are twenty sermons in all, in the present volume, of very unequal merit, in our judgment. The speaker's oburgatory and denunciatory passages are not unfrequently exaggerated, and bear the marks of having been interjected, to supply a demand from the BOANERGES admirers among his audience: sometimes, also, he covers a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter. The bread is good, however, and the butter generally fresh.

'MARY DERWENT': A NOVEL. — This latest work of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, from the press of the BROTHERS PETERSON, of Philadelphia, has, we understand, proved a marked success. Although a romance, it is historical in several of its personages, and many of its incidents. A few of the dramatic 'situations' of the work are thus 'sketched in' by an able contemporary:

'THERE is a Missionary coming and going among the inhabitants of the happy valley of Wyoming, and exercising almost equal influence over them and over the Indian tribes of the neighborhood. CATHARINE MONTOUR, the white wife of Queen ESTHER's son GI-EN-GWA-TAH, under circumstances which we cannot pause to explain, tells this missionary how she came to be in the position of a squaw. She was English born, the daughter of a village Rector, himself the younger son of a noble family. A ward of her father's, an honorable and estimable youth, but devoid of the heroic element, had wooed and married her. A succession of convenient deaths had made her COUPTRESS of GRANBY, and mistress of a vast estate. She had plunged into fashionable life, and there had met her fate, in the person of the ideal being whom she craved, but had not found in her husband. She did not, however, abandon herself to her devouring passion; and the gentleman, a Mr. MURRAY, had in time apparently wearied of the Platonics. Finally, he himself had married, being aided to a bride by Lady GRANBY herself, who thought matrimony the best thing for him. It was only at his wedding that MURRAY, behind a window-curtain, let it be known that his feelings remained unchanged. Hereupon the poor Lady went out of her mind; but was nursed assiduously by her good husband. During her insanity, and at a moment when she was thought to be better, the servants in charge of her had permitted her only child to visit her; and this poor little thing the mad lady had coaxed to a window and pitched out, under the delusion that the downward fall was the easy way into Paradise. Ignorant of this awful fact, she had recovered her senses; but on learning it accidentally, and being horrified in due course, she resolved to leave England, where her heart was fixed on the wrong person, and where she had unconsciously become a murderess, and to 'plunge into a new state of existence.' *En passant* to some port for embarkation to the new world, she had popped in, disguised, upon MURRAY and his wife in their cottage at Richmond, and there catching him asleep upon a sofa, had imprinted her first and last kiss upon his forehead, having seen, by peeping at a manuscript before him, that he was, like herself, a victim. Thence she had wended her way to America and to the Valley of the Mohawk, and making Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON partly her confidant, had taken up with the Shawnee tribe, by way of putting herself at the farthest possible remove from her former life and old connections. When she left her princely residence secretly, she endeavored to convey the impression that she had committed suicide. But, she adds, Mr. VARNHAM, her husband, did not credit this. He traced her to the port whence she sailed, and took ship to follow her, though with what purpose she never knew, 'as the ship was lost, and all on board perished.'

'Well, but how came she to marry an Indian brave? may well be asked. Thus it was; and remember that Lady GRANBY herself, or CATHARINE MONTOUR — for she had taken Queen ESTHER's maiden name — is still telling the story to the Missionary. Her beauty and wealth and spirit had given her immense influence over the Shawnees; and GI-EN-GWA-TAH had fallen desperately in love with her. She however would not hear of him for her second. But it fell out, in the course of the war that was raging, that the Chief had captured certain white prisoners, and CATHARINE came suddenly upon the tribe when all the group, save a man with his wife and child, had been cruelly put to torture and death. Now who should this man be, but MURRAY? One may guess what ensued. Lady GRANBY's prayers and offers of ransom were scoffed; but when she consented to buy the forfeited lives at the cost of her own hand in this hateful marriage, GI-EN-GWA-TAH closed with the bargain; and MURRAY was released, not knowing to whom he was indebted.

'That's pretty well for a 'thrilling effect;' but the cream is to come. The Missionary, who listens with forced calmness to this confession, is no other than Mr. VARNHAM himself! He had been saved from the wreck! What is there on the stage comparable to this for a 'situation?' But this is not nearly all. The little child who was chucked out of the window was not killed either. She is the MARY DERWENT of the volume, living with a nominal sister and grand-mother upon a pretty island in the Susquehanna, Mr. VARNHAM preserving his incognito and watching tenderly over her. Thus it will be seen that CATHARINE MONTOUR, who has one daughter, TAMMEROO, by her Shawnee husband, has a prior husband and another child, of whose existence she is in entire ignorance until the closing scenes. Poor MARY DERWENT, though escaping with her life, was crippled by her ugly fall; and it is in portraying her lovely and unselfish character, and contrasting it with that of others around her, that Mrs. STEPHENS wins our entire sympathy.'

BELLE BRITTON'S NEW WORK. — Who is the author of '*Belle Britton's Letters*,' so various and cleverly gossipy? They are becoming very popular, and deservedly so. Let us make a small surmise: to wit, that the author, in our judgment, sports no crinoline, unless our friend Colonel FULLER, late of the '*Evening Mirror*' daily journal, has donned petticoat and skirt since last we had the pleasure to meet him.

JAMES'S 'LORD MONTAGU'S PAGE.'—As the KNICKERBOCKER is ready for Mr. GRAY's stereotypers one month in advance of its date, this last work of Mr. JAMES will doubtless have secured a wide perusal, before the present number will have been issued. Such of our readers, however, as may not have enjoyed this pleasure, will find in the following a comprehensive *resumé* of the work in question:

'THE LORD MONTAGU, whose Page is the hero of this capital book, is the associate and intimate friend of the famous DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, though the former does not figure at any great length, and the latter is not introduced at all. EDWARD LANGDALE, the Page, or Master NED, as he is generally termed, carves his own way to distinction in service that is mostly rendered apart. He is intrusted with dispatches to Rochelle, just at the commencement of the memorable siege by RICHELIEU and LOUIS XIII., and chance throws him into frequent intercourse with the great Cardinal of France himself, and into an unconscious aiding of his schemes. Without deviating, in fact, from his duty to his master, his country, or his religion, he becomes a protégé of RICHELIEU; and the historical interest of the tale mainly turns upon Mr. JAMES'S new and milder view of RICHELIEU'S character and motives. The author thinks that he scarcely did him justice in one of his own earlier novels, which bore the Cardinal's name, and herein, without falsifying the truth, makes an *amende* by no means unacceptable. The new portraiture, though in lighter colors than of yore, is sketched with a master's hand; as are also the mere outlines of several real personages of the time, such as the PRINCE DE SOUBISE, the DUC DE ROHAN, the DUCHESS DE CHEVREUSE, and GUITON, the valiant defender of Rochelle. The love portion is pretty, and full of unexpected turns; the wind-up is very graceful. The scenery is for the most part French, and shows Mr. JAMES'S familiarity with that land.'

'MOUNT VERNON LADIES' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNION.—Our readers will have been made aware, ere this, of the character of this Association for the purchase of Mount Vernon, and WASHINGTON'S Tomb. The following are the lady-officers of the Association:

REGENT.

Miss ANN PAMELA CUNNINGHAM, South-Carolina.

VICE-REGENTS.

Mrs. ANNA CORA RITCHIE,	- - - -	For Virginia, Richmond.
Mrs. ALICE H. DICKINSON,	- - - -	" North-Carolina, Wilmington.
Mrs. PHILOOLEA EDGEWORTH EVE,	- - - -	" Georgia, Augusta.
Mrs. OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT,	- - - -	" Alabama, Mobile.
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Mrs. ELIZABETH M. WALTON,	- - - -	" Missouri, St. Louis.
Miss MAY MORRIS HAMILTON,	- - - -	" New-York, New-York City.
Mrs. LOUISA INGERSOLL GREENOUGH,	- - - -	" Massachusetts, Boston.
G. W. RIGGS, Esq., Treasurer, Washington City.		

NEW MUSIC FROM MESSRS. HALL AND SON. — We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. WARREN HILL, who has charge of the musical department of the widely-known and popular establishment of Messrs. HALL AND SON, corner of Park-Place and Broadway, for the following pieces of music, which we have 'heard praised, and that highly, too,' by the musical members of our cottage-home: 'Summer Night's Caress,' by W. VINCENT WALLACE: Variations of WALLACE: 'Happy Birdling:' 'Love and Memory:' and 'Smile On,' by CHARLES GROBE. The same publishers have issued the following songs of Mr. STEPHEN MASSETT, the well-known and popular vocalist and composer: 'Take Back the Ring:' the words by JAMES LINEN, Esq., of San-Francisco; and six ballads that met with such success in England, and were republished by CRAMER, ADDISON, AND BEALE, of London: 'When the moon on the Lake is Beaming:' 'I Remember:' 'A Sabbath Scene:' 'It is Not as it Used to Be:' 'I'll Look for Thee, MARY:' and 'I would not have Thee young Again.' These compositions cannot fail to be popular in this country; and when our friends North, South, East, and West shall hear 'Colonel Pipes' sing them, as we have done, they will, we think, admit the justice of this advance criticism.

MOUNT WASHINGTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. — MESSRS. CLARKE AND FANNING, of the Mount Washington Collegiate Institute, are monthly adding to the reputation of their extensive and well-known school. In February the pupils, by means of a charity exhibition, raised nearly three hundred dollars for the benefit of the poor. An omnibus is employed daily to carry the younger pupils to and from the school.



Cyrus W. Duld.

NEW YORK: J. W. DULD.